

453

A R T H U R ' S  
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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VOL. XIX.

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January to June.

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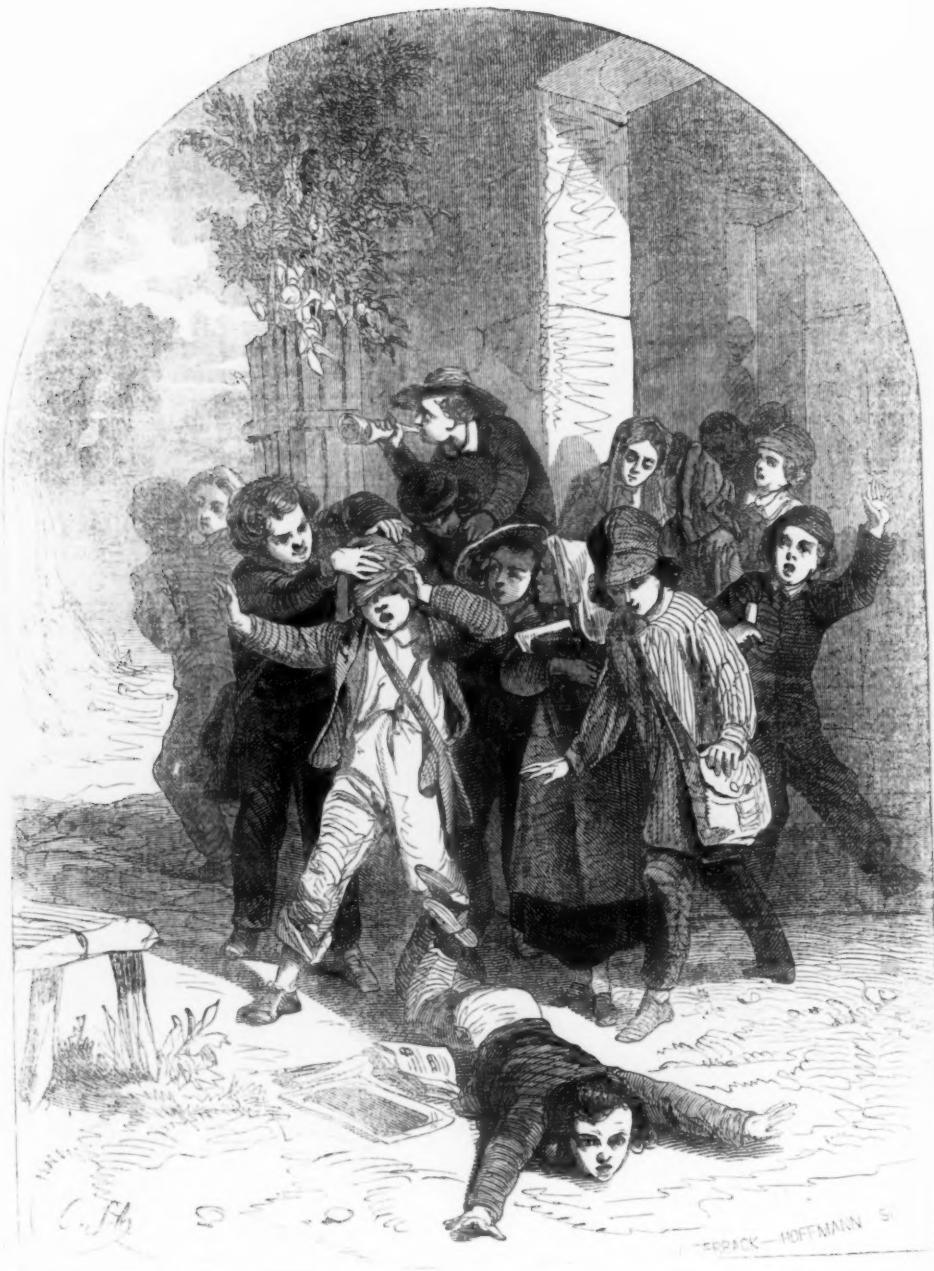




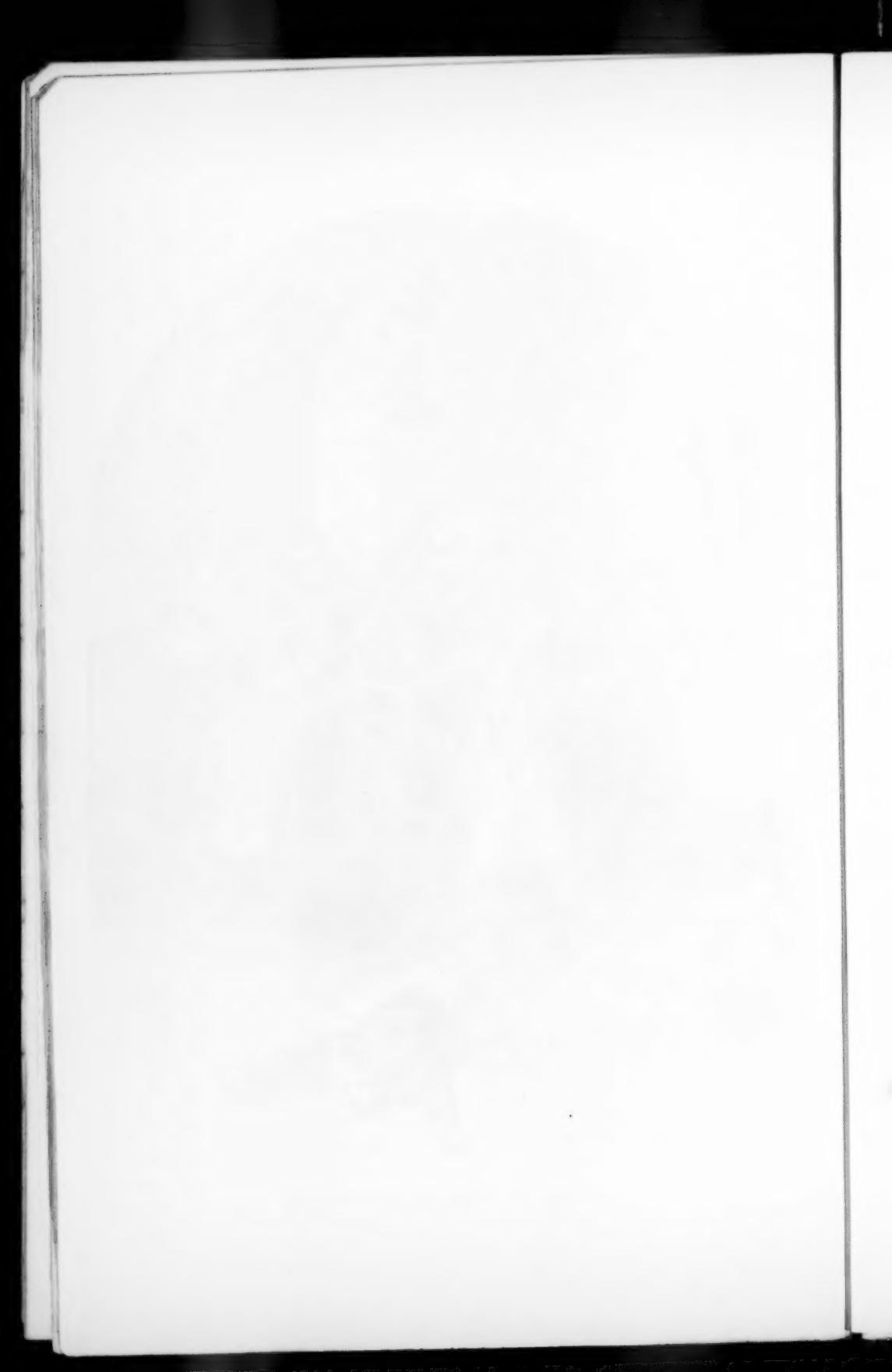


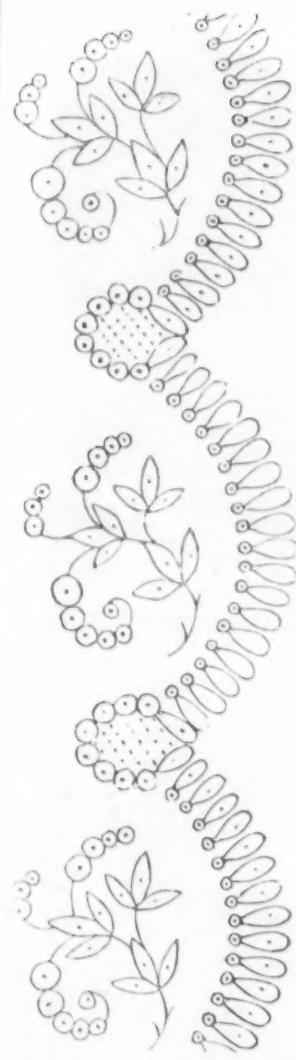
HAPPY NEW-YEAR.



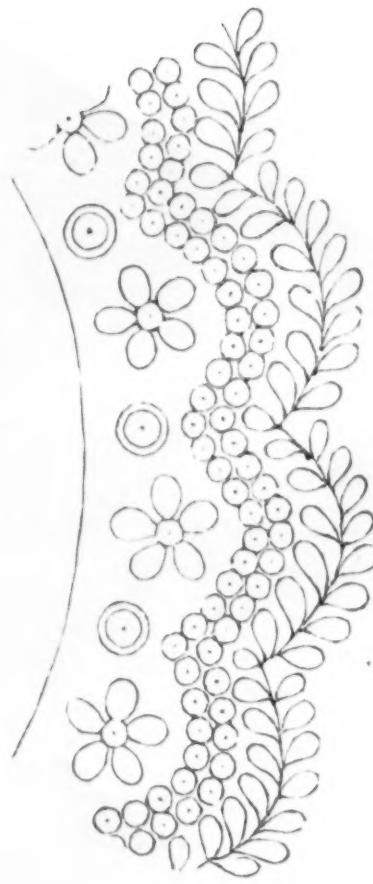


VACATION, AND HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

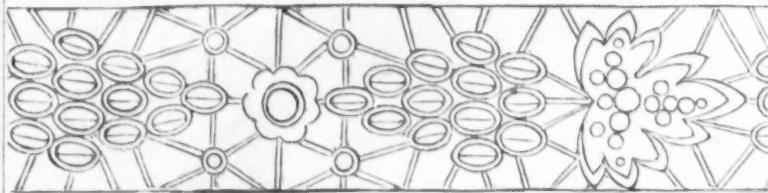




NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



COLLAR.



GUIPURE BRAID.



MORNING COSTUME.

HOME COSTUME.

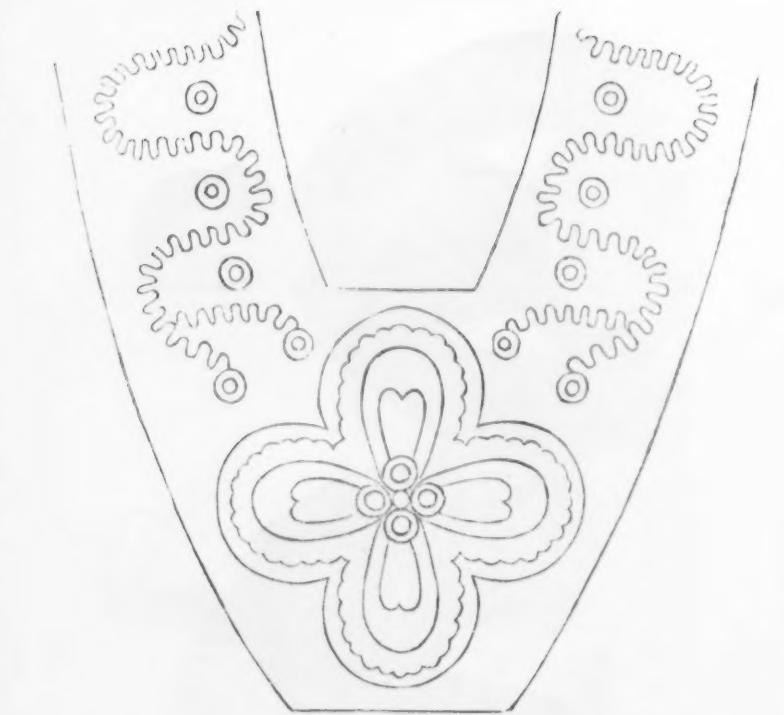
CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THE ZOUAVE.

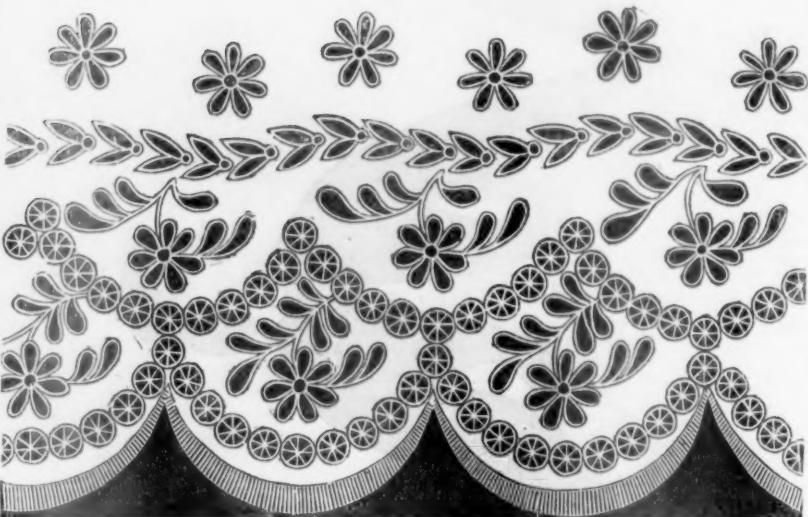
GUINEA ZOUAVE.

THE ZOUAVE.





SLIPPER PATTERN.

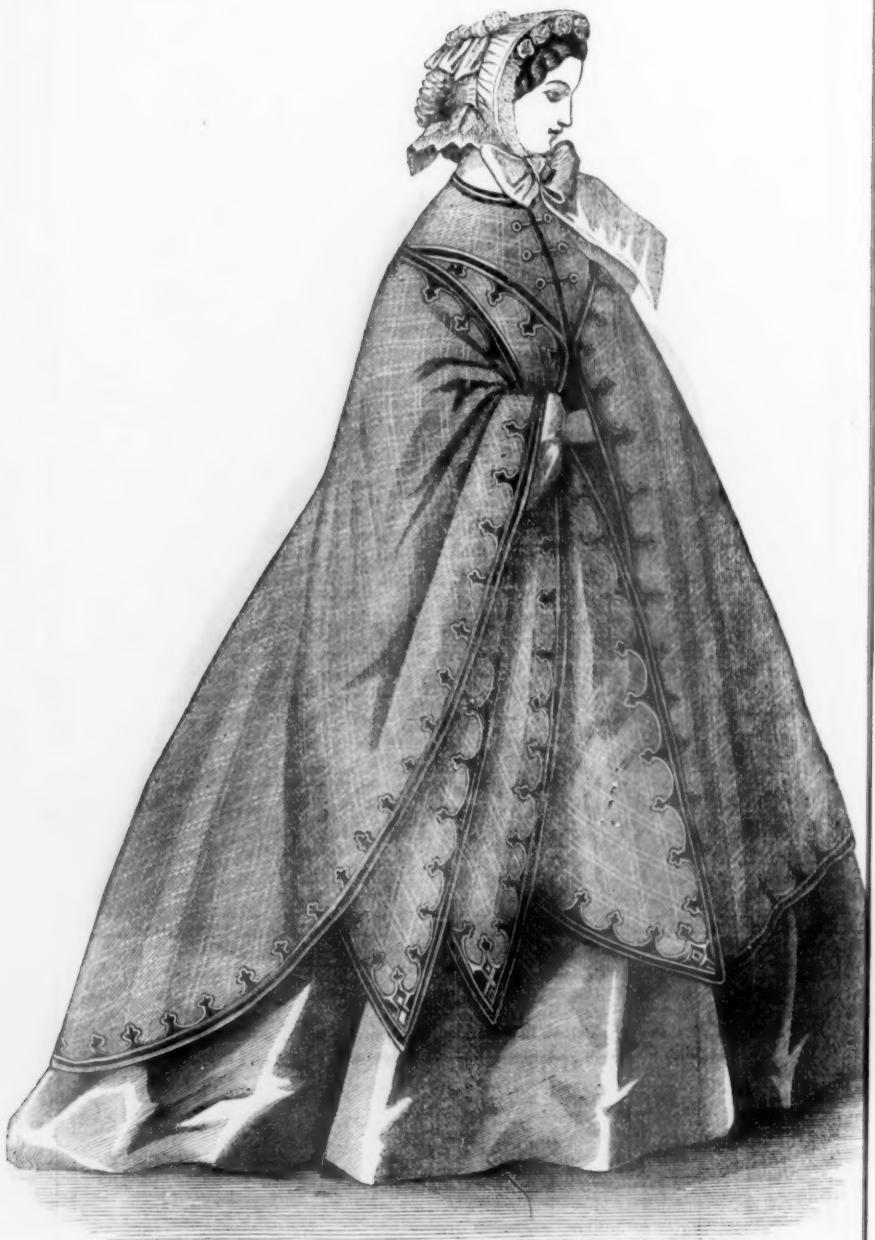


EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



CLOAK.

The skirt of this stylish cloak is set upon a yoke in the back, with plaits, and ornamented with rich passamanerie. The sleeves are long and flowing.



CLOAK,

Of gray or black cloth, bordered with a bias piece of silk, braided in trefoils. The ends are raised in three points for the sleeves.

# A R T H U R'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1862.

## The Laggard Recruit.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," was the remark of a young man, in an exultant voice, as he let the paper he was reading drop from before his eyes.

"Colonel G——'s regiment broke camp yesterday, marched to the Depot at Broad and Prime Streets, and left for Washington in a special train at seven o'clock."

He did not read beyond this. In company C. of Col. G——'s regiment, was a young volunteer Lieutenant, named Harvey. War was the ill wind, which, in blowing this Lieutenant away from Philadelphia, had, in the belief of the speaker, blown good to him. Lifting the paper, he read the sentence over again, to be sure there was no mistake. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, he examined the list of officers to each company, which the careful reporter had given, and found in it the name of Lieut. Thornton G. Harvey.

"I couldn't have asked a better thing. The Secretary of War, for ordering this regiment to Washington, shall have my vote of thanks."

Our young friend was almost facetious with himself. The thermometer of his feelings had been signally depressed for some weeks; but now it went ranging up to summer heat.

"That sail from the offing, and the coast is clear." So he exulted in his thoughts. "I am sure of the prize now. Isn't it strange," he added, a little soberly, "what a fancy these women have for soldiers? Some of them are right down bloodthirsty! Swords and pistols—feathers and uniforms—rifles and cannon: they talk of them as glibly as if they were pretty playthings, and didn't mean wounding and death. Even Flora has taken the infection. It must be a brave thing, indeed, to have a lover's arm shot off, or his heart pierced by a bullet! But, Frank Howard has no par-

ticular fancy for such things. War is not to his taste. He never could see any beauty in a dress uniform, and can't see any now."

So the young man talked with himself. But these considerations did not seriously disturb him now, for was not his rival out of the way—a threatening sail which had been discovered in the offing, out of sight, and the coast clear?

"Gone." Only that word fell from the lips of Flora James. She, too, held the morning paper in her hand, and her eyes were on the paragraph which we have quoted. A thoughtful shade came over her countenance. There seemed to be nothing more of interest in the paper, for she laid it aside, after reading the names of the officers. Gradually, the shade of thoughtfulness on her face deepened. She did not look sad, nor troubled; but, there was a grave earnestness in the expression of her countenance.

"You look serious," said a young friend, who had called in.

"Do I?" Flora smiled, but the light play of her features was soon over, the recurring sobriety looking deeper in contrast.

"Yes. What has happened?"

"Nothing out of the common order. But, in times like these, who can help feeling serious now and then?"

"Not I," was answered. Then the friend remarked, "I see that Col. G——'s regiment left for the capital last evening."

"Yes."

"I knew several of the officers. They are among our finest young men."

"So I am told. Of personal knowledge, I can speak of one only."

"Who?"

"Lieutenant Harvey."

"O, yes. I have met him here a few times. A manly young fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And looks well in his uniform. I noticed him while the regiment moved down Broad Street yesterday."

"Then you saw them marching?"

"O, yes. The street was crowded. There were thousands to see them off."

Flora dropped her eyes for a moment, while a gentle sigh depressed her bosom. It was involuntary, and scarcely noted by herself.

"Were you intimate with Lieut. Harvey?" asked the friend.

"No, I cannot say that I was intimate with him; though he is a friend of long standing. He never struck me as being a very interesting young man. Hadn't a great deal to say, and was not over ready of speech."

"But always talked sense."

"Yes. I think that may be said. The fact is, I incline to the belief that he was a little too sensible for some of us thoughtless girls. Don't you think, as a general thing, that we are too apt to encourage fluent triflers, and hold the more sensible, but less intrusive young men, at a distance? We smile upon the false flatterers; yet hardly treat with courteous civility the solid young man, who is too honest to offer vain compliments, and too strongly entrenched in self-respect to join the ranks of folly.

"You have put my own thoughts into words, Flora. It is just as you say."

"Since this great trouble has come upon us," said Miss James, "I have had little heart for the pleasures and frivolities into which I formerly entered with too much zest. A number of my male acquaintances have joined the army; and for the society of those who ignobly remain at home, I have little or no taste. The fact is, I have feigned indisposition, and asked to be excused to two or three of this class of young men in the last two weeks. I can't feel any respect for them."

"Nor I. You know, Flora, that I offended young R——, last night, by my plain talk. I was a little sorry for it afterwards; but I couldn't help speaking out at the time. He referred, sneeringly, to certain young officers in Col. G——'s regiment; called them 'popin-jays,' 'upstarts,' and the like; and predicted that they would show the white feather in face of an enemy. 'You,' said I, boiling over with anger, 'show the white feather, with the enemy nearly two hundred miles away.' I was sorry the instant the words left my lips; but, once said, there was no unsaying them."

"Did you really say that to R——?"

"I did."

"Good! I'm glad of it. He richly deserved the rebuke. I've heard him talk. But, what did he answer?"

"I hardly know. But he looked to me like a man caught with a sheep on his back, as Uncle Job Green says. He didn't ask any explanation; for he understood. It isn't the first time I've let him know my opinion of young men who might, if they would, join the ranks of our brave defenders."

A servant came in with a card. Miss James took it and read the name,

"Frank Howard." There was a sudden falling of her pretty brows.

"Is he in the parlor?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss," replied the servant.

"I don't want to see him," remarked Flora. "He's well enough as an acquaintance; and I used to like him; but he's not made of the stuff for these times. Take my compliments to him, Ann, and say, that I must ask to be excused this morning."

"Stop a moment, Ann," said the friend, as the girl was leaving the room. "Don't send that word," she added, turning to Miss James.

"Why not? I'm opposed to lying outright, and therefore cannot report myself sick or not at home."

"See him."

"I don't wish to. He was here only yesterday."

"Let us see him together. Perhaps our united wits may sharpen him a little. I just feel like talking to young men like him, who, with nothing under the sun to do, but promenade Chestnut Street, and call upon the ladies, stay at home from the war, and talk lightly of those who go. Send word that you'll be down in a few minutes. I'll go with you."

Acting on the suggestion, Flora dispatched the servant with word that she would attend her visitor in a little while.

For more than ten minutes, Mr. Frank Howard awaited the appearance of his charmer. The delay seemed long, and he grew impatient. Several times he arose, and crossed the parlor floor; then moved back again and resumed his seat. More than once he surveyed his faultlessly attired person in a large mirror, that filled the pier from floor to ceiling. Now he looked with a vacant kind of admiration at some fine pictures that adorned the walls; and now, with, perhaps, a higher interest, at his shining boots, against which he tapped his slender cane, that bore the delicately carved head of a dog. At last, the rustle of garments was heard

upon the stairs. He drew himself up to an easy and graceful attitude, and awaited the appearance of Flora. Instead of one, two young ladies entered.

"Miss James—Miss Leighton." He bowed with constrained formality; for his spirits were suddenly dashed.

"Mr. Howard. Good morning!"

The ladies smiled with easy grace. Flora motioned the young man to resume his seat, drew a light reception chair for her friend, and another for herself. She was entirely at her ease, and in spirits. In her hand she held a ball of yarn and knitting needles, on which three or four rounds had been hastily cast. The ten minutes, or more, which Frank Howard naturally enough supposed were spent in toilette preparations, had been occupied with the hurried winding of a skein of yarn, and the knitting of three rounds on an embryo stocking. Seating herself in front of Mr. Howard, Flora, in a quiet, natural way, opened her needles, adjusted the yarn, and commenced the homely operation which was associated in her visitor's mind only with the days of his grandmother. He was in too serious a state to be amused—the effect, therefore, was to distract, confuse, and depress him.

"A beautiful day, Mr. Howard," said Flora, in a clear, self-possessed voice.

"Beautiful."

"Anything new this morning?"

"Nothing."

He felt strangely ill at ease. There was no stiff reserve about the young ladies; no coldness; no apparent design to rebuke or annoy him. They were perfectly lady-like, and apparently frank in their demeanor. But, for all this, he felt as if a gulf had suddenly opened to an interminable depth between him and Flora.

"Did you see the parade of Col. G——'s regiment yesterday?" asked Miss Leighton.

"I did not."

"Ah?" She raised her brows just a little in token of surprise.

"Did you?" He must say something, and so asked the question almost at random.

"O, certainly! I have too much patriotic enthusiasm to let a fine regiment like that march off, and not look proudly on. Besides—and she put on an arch expression, "I have two or three beaux in the ranks; and I wanted them to bear into battle the strength of a woman's smile and a woman's approval. If men are to be believed, these things fire them with a noble courage."

"I declare!" said Howard, rallying himself, and assuming a tone of banter, "if you ladies don't beat everything."

"In what respect?" asked Miss Leighton. Flora knit busily, and seemed as much interested in her work as in the conversation.

"You're downright bloodthirsty!" He was forgetting himself a little.

"Indeed!" The smile faded off from Miss Leighton's lips. "Bloodthirsty?"

"Yes. You really take pleasure in seeing young men march away, armed with murderous weapons, to kill or be killed."

"Oh, no." Flora James spoke now, but with a lady-like gentleness of manner. "To 'kill or be killed' is a partial statement of the case. These are only probable effects, Mr. Howard—consequences to be anticipated. The ends are noble; and all true women's hearts respond thereto with an irrepressible enthusiasm. We love courage, self-devotion, patriotism, in men. And now, when we see our grand nation assaulted by an enemy sworn to destroy it, our bosoms thrill with admiration for the men—worthy of their sires—who arm themselves, and taking their lives in their hands, go forth in her defence."

Her countenance lighted up beautifully. Her eyes were full of fire; and seemed to burn into Howard as he received their steady gaze.

And yet, there was nothing in her mien to hurt or offend. She did not forget the courtesy due by her to a visitor. But her sentences were like words of doom.

"Have you commenced drilling?" asked Miss Leighton, in an easy, luring tone of voice.

"No." The young man was plainly annoyed by the question.

"Not even in the Home Guards?"

"No."

Both ladies remained silent for nearly a minute, during which interval Howard in vain tried to think of something to say. But his mind would not act. It seemed like a blank.

"Don't you intend joining a company?" inquired the tormentor.

"Well—I have been turning it over in my mind."

"Then turn it quickly and to right purpose, Mr. Howard," she answered. "If we ladies cannot fight for our country, we can at least organize ourselves into a band of recruiting sergeants, and bring in the lukewarm and the laggards. The test of favor now, is courage. Men who stay at home, court our smiles in vain. And we must not be called bloodthirsty—that

will offend. So, don't use the word again, Mr. Howard, or you may find that maiden lips, in parting, are bended bows that wing a flight of arrows."

"Every man cannot go to the war," said Howard, growing serious. "Some must stay at home to maintain order, and keep the wheels of industry in motion. Without this, how could our armies be maintained in the field? The man at home may serve his country as well as the man who carries a musket in battle."

"Not to be denied," was the response of Miss Leighton. "And all we ladies ask is, to see the service. We don't reason much; but we are very sharp sighted, and look right down to the heart of things. To us, the fact that a man springs with eagerness to this great duty of saving his country—counting not his life dear—is conclusive, that he carries in his soul a patent of nobility from God; and so we honor and admire him. And it is equally conclusive against him, that he prefers ease, idleness, safety and pleasure-taking at home."

Howard glanced from the face of Miss Leighton to that of Flora, to see what response her thoughts made to these rebuking sentences—for he felt, hard as they were, that he was the target at which she aimed. He read no displeasure there; but, if he mistook not, satisfaction. Her lashes drooped so far on her cheeks, as she looked down at her busy fingers, that he could not see her eyes; but the gently parted lips gave no sign of mental disquietude. If any emotion were exhibited, it was pleasure, not pain.

"You are too many for me," said the young man, soon after, rising to depart. Flora had thrown in a mildly uttered sentence or two; but with no equivocal meanings. He forced a laughing exterior, as he bowed himself out, with the words—"I shall appear in soldier's toggery next time."

And so he did. But it was of no avail. Lieut. Harvey held the post of honor in Flora's mind. The laggard recruit came in too late.

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment he observed—"That in the choice of a wife merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

## An Outline History of England, DOWN TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

A knowledge of history being pleasant and useful, and after this country, that of England being more interesting than any other, sketches of the character and manners of the people, and particularly of the kings and queens, may be instructive and interesting to the readers of the Home Magazine.

From ignorance, poverty and obscurity, England has attained a state of intelligence and affluence unsurpassed by any nation.

The name Britannia, or Britain, was derived from the circumstance that the Phenicians had traded there for tin from an early period, and before it was invaded by Julius Caesar, which was fifty-five years before Christ. At that time the people were called Britons, and were but half civilized; they had a form of government; and princes or chiefs; but the Druids had great power over the minds of men, and really directed all their public and private affairs, as well as their religion. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and offered sacrifices of oxen, and sheep, and prisoners taken in war. Rome permitted the Britons to remain in peace for ninety years by their paying a small tribute; but the Emperor Claudius, in A. D. 45, with a powerful army conquered the Britons, and soon after Roman manners began to prevail. But the Roman power was not fully established till the reign of Vespasian, in 61, when the Druids were extirpated. The Druids had some knowledge of astronomy and natural philosophy, and used the Greek language; but both princes and people were ignorant; they had no books, and could neither read nor write. Caesar supposed the Druids to have originated in Britain; their doctrines were never allowed to be written, but were learned verbatim by frequent rehearsals, and carefully committed to memory; and students spent twenty years in their seminaries. The Britons had been slowly improving in arts and civilization, from the time of the Roman invasion; and about this time they began to make more rapid advances in learning and refinement. Public and private edifices were built in the Roman style; Britons conformed to the Roman customs, studied the Latin language, and considered themselves Romans.

Several of the emperors of Rome visited Britain. Adrian, during his residence there, constructed the famous wall across the country from Newcastle to Carlisle, to defend them

from the northern barbarians. Septimus Severus repulsed the Caledonians, repaired the wall of Adrian, and died in 211, at York, which was the chief of the Roman stations in Britain. Constantius Chlorus, father of Alexander the Great, also died at York, having long resided there. His son, Constantine, received the imperial purple at York, at the hands of the Roman soldiery, and took with him to the continent an army composed of the flower of the British youth. Under the protection of Rome the island was greatly improved and enriched; the Christian religion was introduced, and its commerce, extended; letters, science, and the mechanical arts made rapid progress; and twenty-eight cities were founded, which are now places of note. The Romans ruled in Britain about five hundred years. The two sons of Theodosius the great disagreed and caused civil war in Rome, when their extensive frontier was attacked by the Huns, and other barbarous nations, from the north; and having to protect themselves at home, they gave up all control over Britain. Many of the Romans remained, but they received no farther assistance from the Roman emperors, against their enemies, the Picts and Scots.

In 450 Vortigern, being at that time king of Britain, applied to the Saxons in Germany for assistance against the Picts and Scots. The Picts were a remnant of the ancient Britons, who had never submitted to the Romans. The Scots came from Ireland and united with the Picts, and held the northern part of the island. The Saxons were pleased to be invited into a country upon which they had for ages before been forming designs; they were a brave people, restless and bold; their ruling love was freedom. Two chiefs, Hengist and his brother Horsa, went with an army, and joining their forces with the Britons gained a complete victory over the Picts and Scots.

The Saxons saw the country was greatly superior to their own and determined to possess it, and soon found a pretext for a quarrel, and defeated the Britons in many battles, in one of which Horsa was killed. Hengist now became sole commander of the Saxons; with much art and flattery he induced king Vortigern to marry his daughter Rowena, and to settle on him the fertile province of Kent, from which the Saxons could never after be removed. Many Saxon tribes came from Germany to assist in getting control of the island. The British kings for the next sixty years were engaged in contests with the Saxons, and

were sometimes victorious, but their invaders were gaining power. In 510 Arthur became king; he is celebrated in history, and has been a great favorite in the fabulous annals of the times; he gained a great victory over the Saxons in 520, and the Britons had peace for forty years. Arthur died about 560, aged ninety years, and was buried in the Abbey of Glastonbury. In 584, after being in Britain thirteen years, the Saxons established themselves in different parts of the island, and formed seven independent kingdoms, which composed the Heptarchy; each had its king or ruler.

The Britons did not yield without a struggle, but opposition was in vain; many of them were killed, some remained with the Saxons, some withdrew to Brittany, in France, and some took refuge in the mountains of Wales. The Britons spoke either the Celtic or Latin language. The Saxons used the Saxon or English. When they entered Britain they were pagans, and ignorant of letters; but among the Britons they made some progress in learning and in Christianity. Soon after this time Pope Gregory I., sent Augustine and forty other Roman monks to Briton, to teach the people the Christian religion. They were

received with kindness by Ethelbert, king of Kent, whose wife, Bertha, was a daughter of Caribert, king of France. It is said Augustine baptized ten thousand on Christmas day, 597. The people who now ruled in Britain are in history called Anglo-Saxons; and having the Britons no longer to contend with, they began to quarrel among themselves, and the different kings were continually at war with each other, though at the same time they made many improvements in the country. The Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, was founded in 610 by king Ethelbert. King Sibert founded Westminster Abbey in 615, where formerly stood a famous temple sacred to Apollo. The

Cathedral of York was founded by Edwin in 628. The church and monastery of Glastonbury were rebuilt by Ina about 700. And Croyland Abbey by Ethelbald in 716. Numerous other buildings of note were founded, and finished in after times. The Saxon Heptarchy continued two hundred and forty-three years, when the seven kingdoms were united under Egbert in 827. His merit deserved dominion, and his prudence secured his conquests. He abolished all provincial names, and commanded the whole kingdom to be called England, and was solemnly crowned king of England. An elective council was held, and laws were

formed, which were the basis on which English and American liberty were founded. Egbert defeated the Danes who invaded England during his reign, which lasted nine years. In 836 Ethelwolf, the son of Egbert, was crowned; he was of a religious rather than a martial disposition; but being aided by the military talents of his son, Ethelstan, was successful in repelling the Danish invasions. Ethelwolf reigned twenty-one years; he left three sons, Ethelstan having previously been killed in battle. Ethelbert, the second son, reigned a few months, but is not reckoned among the Saxon kings; his vices were many and his name was not revered. Ethelred I., the third son, was crowned in 857, and is described as a prince equally religious and warlike; he fought many battles with the Danes, in one of which he was killed; he reigned fourteen years. Alfred, the fourth son of Egbert, was crowned in 871, when he was twenty years old; he was surnamed the Great. England was in a most deplorable state at that time. The Danes were masters of a great part of the country, and had destroyed cities, churches, and monasteries, which were the seminaries of learning, and literature and religion were neglected. Alfred was well fitted for his place, and did great things for the nation; he had many battles with the Danes, and took many of them prisoners, together with their king; but offered them their lives, and land to cultivate, if they would embrace Christianity and become loyal subjects.

Those Danes who preferred were permitted to embark for Flanders. Prosperity and peace were enjoyed by the country for many years. Alfred advanced letters and commerce; he published a new code of laws, making wise additions to those formed by Egbert, his father, many of which continue in the English constitution; and he founded the University of Oxford. Alfred's learning was superior to most of the scholars of his time; he wrote several books, and was an excellent poet. It is stated that his character was adorned with every virtue; that he was a pattern for kings, and a bright star in the history of mankind; he was beloved by his subjects, feared by his enemies, and admired by all. He was the most illustrious of the Saxon kings; he reigned thirty years.

Edward the elder, son of Alfred, was crowned in 901, at which time England was almost equally divided between the English and the Danes, who, for the last twelve years of Alfred's reign, had peacefully submitted to his

dominion. Now they again rebelled, but Edward was victorious, and they were glad to conclude a peace, and acknowledge him for their sovereign. The affairs of England continued to flourish. He founded Cambridge University, and obliged the Britons in Wales to pay an annual tribute. His reign has been called glorious; it lasted twenty-four years. He was beloved by all.

Athelstan succeeded his father, Edward, in 925. He gained a decisive victory over the Danes, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, who combined against him; and, to chastise the Welsh, he raised their tribute. His various and splendid successes, carried his name into foreign countries. He aided commerce and literature, and was the first Saxon king who caused the Scriptures to be translated into the English language. He died unmarried, after reigning sixteen years. His reign was prosperous and useful.

In 941, Edmund I., the second son of Edward, was crowned. He was eighteen years old. His brother had left England in peace and prosperity; but the Danes, considering the youth of Edmund a favorable time for a revolt, soon had an army opposed to him; but his activity defeated their attempts. He possessed a kind heart, and a hatred of evil. His political and martial abilities were of a high order. He was assassinated by a robber, whom he had banished. He reigned seven years.

In 948 Edred, the third son of Edward, was placed on the throne by unanimous consent. His accession was the signal of revolt by the Danes; but they were soon subdued.

Edred made Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, his treasurer, and confided both spiritual and temporal affairs to his care. His reign lasted nine years, and was prosperous.

In 955, Edwy, son of Edmund I., was called to the succession. Edred's two sons being too young to govern. Edwy was a prince of great personal accomplishments, and a martial disposition; but he had an enemy to contend with against whom military talents were of little service. Dunstan, who had governed in the last reign, was resolved to continue his authority. Edwy had married his cousin, Elgiva, a lady of great beauty. Dunstan denounced the marriage, and induced others of his order to join him, who excommunicated the king, and finally murdered the queen. Dunstan headed a revolt, and placed Edgar, Edwy's brother, sixteen years of age, on the throne, and made himself regent. Neither the accomplishments nor virtues of the king could miti-

gate the fury of the monks, and, in a few months, his health and spirits were so affected, that he died, after a reign of four years.

The premature death of Edwy, left Edgar in undisputed possession of England in 959. The extent of his genius compensated for his want of age and experience. He was politic and successful, his reign being peaceful and prosperous. He attached himself to the monks, and ever found them the firm support of his power. The sage advice of Dunstan was the probable cause of his greatness and prosperity. Edgar had heard much of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, and sent Ethelwald, his favorite friend, to see her, and inform him if she was really beautiful. Ethelwald was so much pleased with her, that he asked her hand of her father, and they were married in private. On his return, he told the king it was her riches alone that caused her fame; that she was not beautiful. So the king was satisfied. After some time, Ethelwald asked permission of the king to pay his addresses to Elfrida. He said, though her fortune would be a trifle for a king, it would be of immense use to a needy subject. The king granted his request, and they were publicly married. Ethelwald took great care that the king should not see her; but, as he was travelling with king Edgar sometime after, he told Ethelwald that he would like to see his wife. Ethelwald tried to dissuade him, in vain. He saw her, and determined to marry her. Ethelwald was soon after sent away on some urgent business, and was found murdered in a wood. Elfrida was invited to court, and the king married her. Edgar made great warlike arrangements, and by that means maintained uninterrupted peace. His reign, which was prosperous, lasted sixteen years.

Edward II., called the Martyr, was crowned in 975. He was the son of Edgar, by his first marriage, with the daughter of the earl of Ordmar. Being but sixteen years old, Dunstan had the entire rule in public affairs, and England was blessed with peace and prosperity. As Edward was one day returning from hunting, without his companions, he stopped at Corfe Castle, to pay his respects to his step-mother, who caused him to be stabbed, and he died. He was king four years.

Ethelred II. became king in 979. He was twelve years old, and was Edward's half brother, being the son of Edgar and Elfrida, by whose wickedness he was raised to the throne. His accession put a stop to the power the monks had so long enjoyed. He had a

new set of counsellors, and Dunstan lost all his influence, and soon after died.

Elfrida had obtained the object of her ambition, but was very unhappy. She built two nunneries, into one of which she retired and performed penances; but she had no peace of mind. For sixty years, the foreign Danes seemed to have forgotten England, and those who were settled in the kingdom were peaceful and good citizens. A body of Danes, under the command of Rollo, had settled in France. They were called Northmen, or Normans, by the French, and that part of France was called Normandy. And now, Danes from the shores of the Baltic ravaged the country, and for ten years England was exposed to their depredations. Ethelred was a weak and irresolute monarch, incapable of governing the kingdom, or providing for its safety. He, for a number of years, paid the Danes a large sum of money to induce them to depart from England, but they would return the next year. Finally, he planned a general massacre, with such secrecy, that on Sunday, November 13, 1002, all the foreign Danes were destroyed without mercy. After this, Sweyn, king of Denmark, came, furious with revenge. Ethelred fled into Normandy. He had previously married Emma, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy, a descendant of Rollo. The whole country came under the power of Sweyn; but he died soon after, and Ethelred returned, and had peace for one year. Then Canute, the son of Sweyn, came from Denmark, with a large army, and caused much distress. Ethelred died, after a reign of thirty-seven years, which was one of the most calamitous recorded in history. He was a weak and cruel king.

Edmund, son of Ethelred II., was crowned in 1016. The martial genius, dauntless courage, and athletic strength of Edmund, procured him the surname of Ironsides. His efforts to restore the tranquillity of England were worthy of better success. The Danes, and some of the English, declared for Canute, and, by the treachery of Edric, Duke of Mercia, who had married the king's sister, and who joined the Danes with the troops under his command, Edmund was defeated, and many of the nobility fell fighting for their king and country.

A peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between Edmund and Canute. Edmund was soon after assassinated by Edric. His reign of one year was rendered illustrious by his undaunted courage, his consummate prudence, and his generous disposition.

In 1017, Canute became sole monarch of England by the death of Edmund, and wishing to gain the affections of his subjects, he declared there should be no distinction between the English and the Danes.

Canute sent the two sons of Edmund, Edwin and Edward, to the king of Sweden, who sent them to Solomon, king of Hungary, who educated them at his court, and married them into his family. Edwin married the king's sister; they had no children. Edward married Agatha, king Solomon's sister-in-law, and had a son, Edgar Atheling, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina. The two sons of Ethelred II., Edmund's brothers, Alfred and Edward, were under the protection of their uncle, Richard, Duke of Normandy. Canute also, to strengthen his power, married Emma, the widow of Ethelred II., and sister to the Duke of Normandy, and, by the marriage articles, the crown of England was settled on their children. Canute, having secured himself against the claims of the Saxon princes, his next object was to get rid of certain English nobles; some were removed from their places, others banished, and Edric, Duke of Mercia, was beheaded. Canute became king of Denmark by the death of his father, Sweyn; he became king of England by the death of Edmund, and reviving some claims of his family to Norway, he invaded and subdued that kingdom, and became king of Norway.

After this, Canute devoted the rest of his reign to the duties of religion, and the maintenance of peace. He built, repaired, and enriched many churches and monasteries, and became very pious. He died, lamented by his people, after a reign of eighteen years. Canute left three sons; the eldest, Sweyn, had Norway for his portion; the second, Harold, had England; and he gave Denmark to Hardicanute, whose mother was Emma of Normandy.

Harold, surnamed Harefoot, was crowned king of England in 1035. He had Earl Godwin, a nobleman of some power, for his counsellor, and by his advice, invited the two sons of Edmund to his court. Emma feared some ill design, and made some pretence to retain Edward till his brother's return. Alfred set out with a splendid retinue, but was attacked on the road, by Earl Godwin and his vassals. The prince was taken to the monastery of Ely, where he soon after died, and about six hundred of his train were put to death. This act fixes an indelible stain on Harold's character, and that of Earl Godwin. He did not long

reigning four years. On the death of Harold, in 1039, his half brother, Hardicanute, was crowned, and received with great demonstrations of joy. Earl Godwin managed to ingratiate himself with his new sovereign. The indignation of the people was soon excited by the king raising a large sum of money for the fleet that brought him from Denmark, and he did not long enjoy a crown he was unworthy to wear. He died suddenly, at the marriage feast of a Danish lord. His habits of intemperance were so well known, that his sudden death excited little surprise, and less regret. He reigned two years, and was the son of Canute and Emma. Harold and Hardicanute left no children.

In 1041, Edward, surnamed the Confessor, the son of Ethelred II. and Emma, was raised to the throne by the unanimous consent of the nation. Earl Godwin was rich and powerful, and favored his cause, though he had assisted Harold in the death of Alfred, Edward's brother; but he disliked the Danes, and had obtained a promise from Edward to marry his daughter Editha, which promise was fulfilled, though they never lived together. The Danes were pleased with the mildness of Edward's character, and reconciled to his government; and, being mixed with the English in most of the provinces, and speaking the same language, there is no farther mention in history of any difference between them. As Edward had been educated among the Normans, he was very friendly with them, which displeased Godwin and his sons, and they rebelled; but the royal army triumphed, and Godwin promised future fidelity, and delivered up his youngest son and a grandson as hostages, whom the king sent to the care of his cousin William, Duke of Normandy.

Godwin soon after died, while sitting at table with the king, and his son Harold succeeded to all the honors and offices of his father. He excelled his father in address, politeness, sagacity and courage, and used every means in his power to increase his popularity, and pave his way to the throne. By promises of loyalty, Harold induced the king to consent to the liberation of the hostages, and started with a numerous retinue for Normandy; but a tempest drove him on the territory of Count Guy, of Panthieu, who detained him prisoner, and demanded a large sum for his ransom. When it was known by William, he demanded Harold's release, received him with friendship and respect, and delivered him the hostages. He disclosed

to Harold his pretensions to the crown of England by the will of the king, and asked his assistance in obtaining it.

Harold renounced all pretensions to the crown, and promised to support the Duke of Normandy. He also agreed to marry the daughter of William, and confirmed it all by an oath. The princess, being young, was to remain with her father for a few years, and she was never married to Harold. During the reign of Edward, England enjoyed peace and prosperity. He compiled a code of laws, which met the general approbation of his subjects. He built Westminster Abbey, which was rebuilt by Henry III., and conferred many favors on the monks. He left no children. His queen, Editha, was beautiful, learned, and virtuous, but he treated her with contempt, and his aversion to the family of Earl Godwin induced him to leave the throne to William in his will, though Edward Atheling was the rightful heir to the crown; but he was young, and the king knew he would be unable to contend with the power and ambition of Harold, who was a popular and enterprising rival. This monarch was the last of the race of King Egbert that reigned in England. His only virtues appear to have been an extensive charity, an easy kind of good nature, and a superstitious piety. The monks, who enjoyed his favors, celebrated his sanctity, and made him a saint. The whole history of his reign, is the history of Godwin and his son Harold. Edward died at the age of sixty-four, having reigned twenty-five years.

In January, 1066, on the day after Edward's death, Harold had so judiciously taken his measures, that he ascended the throne, regardless of the oath he had taken. William, Duke of Normandy, brought a large army against him, and, on October 14, 1066, the battle of Hastings decided the fate of Harold; he fell with his two brothers, many of the nobility, and about sixty thousand of the English.

The Normans appear to have surpassed the English in piety as well as prudence; they spent the night before the battle in prayer to the Almighty for success, while the English were employed in carousing and singing. Had the English monarch contented himself with intercepting the supplies of the Normans, a winter's campaign in a hostile country, and the want of provisions, would probably have made them repent the expedition. History affords numerous instances of crowns lost, and kingdoms ruined, by rash and inconsiderate proceedings.

As the English monarch had fallen in the conflict, and Edward Atheling was too young

to contend with a victorious army, the Papal authorities and the people offered the crown to William, which he accepted as their voluntary gift, and promised to govern them with equity. Harold was really a usurper. He reigned nine months.

#### DELAFIELD, WIS.

[IN the subsequent numbers of the Home Magazine will be given, in continuation of this history, brief sketches of the Kings and Queens of England, each number to contain a single sketch.]

## Stray Thoughts.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Trials and afflictions await us all. There is no life so carefully guarded but its current must flow over uneven places, and be dashed down sharp precipices.

No human art or power, can set us free from the trials which were given us with the heritage of existence. Life and sorrow are indissolubly joined—they are one, and can never be separated.

All the wealth of the world cannot buy favor of sickness and death; and fame is impotent to ease the aching head around which its verdant laurels are woven!

Then, seek not oh, man! wealth and honor, as thy sole aims; but let the grand ambition of thy life tend to one great omega—*live to learn how to die!*

Always have something to do; some business that you can follow, which will claim a portion of your time every day. No matter how wealthy you may be—no matter how large your income, or magnificent your investments in stocks and lands—always have some work to do. To be unemployed is to be in jeopardy. There never was a truer couplet written, than this—

"Satin finds always something still  
For idle hands to do."

And even supposing man so constituted that he could stop the mighty machinery of thought, and let an idle hour or day pass on without gain or loss—how much more satisfaction there is, when, at night, we review the actions of the day, to feel that we have accomplished something. That we have tried to perform faithfully our part; that we have done some useful task, conquered some opposing obstacle.

No rest is so sweet as that which comes after

honest labor! And the soundest sleep that man may know is purchased by sturdy toil.

"I am glad that Mr. W—— is prospering," said one lady to another, not long since, alluding to a gentleman who stands at the head of the legal profession in a neighboring state; "I am glad that he is prospering, for I remember him as a boy. *He was good to his mother.*"

Good to his mother!

What better letter of recommendation could be given him? A man of virtuous habits, brilliant talents, correct principles—but above and beyond all—as a boy, he was good to his mother!

Young man! imitate his worthy example.

Be kind to her who has done so much for you. Remember how she watched over you in your helpless infancy; think of the wakeful nights and anxious days she passed on your account; and how in that raging fever, which racked your frame so long ago, she sent away every other attendant, and kept her lonely vigils by your bedside, bathing your hot forehead in her own peculiarly soothing way, and holding your burning hands in her own, so soft and cool!

She never got impatient—she never frowned at your fretful complaints—never hushed your querulous murmurings with a single harsh word. Remember this, young man. Call to mind the thousand instances of her forbearance and loving-kindness; and though, now, she may be old and wrinkled, and in her second childhood—bear always with you the consciousness that it is your duty—(for the neglect of which God will assuredly call you into judgment)—*to be good to your mother.*

And when, worn out with life's toils and cares, she goes meekly to her last rest, cherish her memory as a sacred thing—to be spoken of to your children with the reverent love with which you would like them, in turn, to whisper *your name* when you shall have gone hence.

In life be good to her; in death, cherish tenderly her memory. For no earthly friend, howsoever closely and devotedly attached to you, can ever supply to you the hallowed place of your mother!

He who plants a tree is a public benefactor.

Beautiful things nourish the soul, as useful things nourish the body, and both alike are necessary to the health of the entire man.

Deprived of its proper aliment, the soul shrivels up within itself, and the heart becomes cold

and sordid; but fed on the beauty and grandeur which it craves, it opens wide its windows, that all who pass by may see the warmth and glow of the light within.

Say not that the time spent in the cultivation of trees and flowers is wasted; it is a calamity against the wise Creator, who planted the rose on the plains of Sharon, and set the lily by the rill of Siloam, and thought not the labor wasted which contributed to the happiness of those who, through nature, recognize the hand which formed her.

## The Lady over the Way.

BY MRS A. C. S. ALLARD.

It is a warm June morning, and nature, like a languid beauty, seems impassioned, and waiting for a sensation. Flowers send up their incense as adoration to Him who placed them here, as texts of his thoughts.

Mrs. Stanley is preparing Harry, a little boy of eight, and Katie, a girl of six, for school.

Harry has lost his reader, and must have it she urges, or lose his place in the class; and Katie, upon whom was just placed the glossy white apron, returns from the garden, where she has been to gather a bouquet for her teacher, with garments which testify that she has fallen upon the moist earth. A severe rebuke from her mother brought dark shadows upon the face which had been bright with the tracings of pleasant thoughts, as she arranged white, velvet, and crimson buds among the green basis of her bouquet. At length Harry's reader is found under the lounge, and Katie's soiled garment replaced by a fresh one, and the children are hurried off with ruffled tempers. Instead of leaving upon the mother's lips one of those blossoms of love which bloom spontaneously upon those of childhood, they walk on, revolving in their minds the injustice of their mother.

It is true, they do not know it by that term; children do not analyze and classify traits and qualities; but a very small child intuitively understands whether its parent is at all times just with it, or indulges, or censures, according to the caprices of his own humor.

Mrs. Stanley was of the type of a class, of which there are too many. It has been remarked, that "to govern well, we must first govern ourselves;" our own temper must first become obedient to the rein of discipline, ere we can successfully attempt the guidance of another; and it is the lack of self-culture which has made the home-evangels of our

homes so few, and has thrown out upon the world so many dark, restless spirits.

Mrs. Stanley was the only daughter of parents in easy circumstances, who idolized her, and were too fond and short-sighted, to behold along the dim aisles of the future the hours of harsh reality; and they therefore neglected to clothe her in the armor of self-denial and patience, which the spirit in its life-battle must wear, or suffer, as well as inflict, many wounds.

Their darling Flora must be denied nothing, and as a matter of course, she grew to womanhood wilful and selfish. No expense within the range of her father's means was spared to render her attractive, and at sixteen she became the bride of a young man of moderate means, but handsome person and engaging address. He was enterprising and persevering; and with a little economy upon Flora's part, would soon have sailed smoothly upon the current of prosperity. About the time of her marriage, her father was left in meagre circumstances, by being compelled to pay a heavy security; and instead of reclining upon the easy cushions of the vehicle of "papa's property," Flora and Mr. Stanley were compelled to walk over the rough road of life. And when Mr. Stanley only needed the encouragement of an earnest, sympathizing, loving wife, to render light the hand of care which was beginning to press heavily upon him, and to strike the keys of his soul, to the march of high purpose and strong resolve, a complaining, dissatisfied child-woman, continually jarred the sweeter notes of his spirit by harsh discord; until the brightness faded from his face, the music from his laugh, and all hope abandoned of happiness, was as plainly written upon his brow, as was the inscription over Dante's regions of despair.

And thus nine years had passed; he had struggled against discouragement, extravagance, and upbraiding; and although he had not sunk, he had been able to stem the current feebly up to this time, this June morning, upon which our tale commences. He had by good management succeeded in paying for a neat cottage, the benefit of which was felt, when the period at which he had been accustomed to pay rent arrived. The great grief of his life was the disregard which his wife seemed to entertain of their mutual interest. Every caprice of fancy must be gratified, or a "scene" was the result; vainly he sought to impress upon her mind that their interests were inseparable; but reason counted her not

fare of words, the disheartened husband yielded to his blind wife, as the only "conditions of peace."

But we will return to the morning upon which we have seen Mrs. Stanley in her matronly capacity. She had taken her place by the cradle to quiet the fretful babe, looking weary and unhappy, when a rap was heard at the parlor door.

"Good morning, Aunt Esther! I am so glad you have come. I need a consoler this morning."

"Are you not well, Flora?"

"Quite well, thank you; but wearied out. Mr. Stanley thinks the expense of a domestic nurse, greater than he can sustain, and so I am left with a thousand cares and the responsibility of looking after the children; oh, dear! one might as well be dead as marry a poor man;" and the tears began to glitter upon the fringes of her eyes.

Aunt Esther did not respond, and at this moment a burst of music, rich and inspiring, came thrilling upon the air from the windows of the large stone mansion across the street. They both remained silent until the notes died away upon the perfumed air. Tears had disappeared from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, under the influence of the sweet sounds, as dew disappears from the violet when the sun floods the earth with its brightness. A gentler look had softened her features, but it faded, as the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-six, appeared at the large window opposite. A casual observer would not have pronounced her a beauty; but the face was pleasing, and a student of human nature would have recognized it as the index of deep-toned, positive character. The form was slight, but finely rounded, and the clear white and pink of the face was that which is painted by the New England breezes. Her black-brown hair formed a fine relief upon the white brow, where it so gracefully reposed; her eyes were the glory of her face; a soft brown, large, melting, and expressive, they seemed placed there as the stars upon the face of night, to illuminate and beautify. The lips were full and rich, but there was an expression about the mouth which indicated firmness of purpose.

Her morning dress was a pink silk, confined by a cord, with tassels of the same color, and, indeed, she seemed just in keeping with the stately stone front, whose interior, wealth and taste had spared no pains to beautify. This morning, she had resorted to her piano, rather as a medium of the sweet thoughts that were

humming through her mind, than as a beguiler of time; and now, when she had closed the instrument, she took up her embroidery, and seated herself by the window, through which the geranium perfumed breezes were lightly passing.

At the sight of her calm, pleasant face, all the gentler emotions, which the music had awakened, were stifled in the heart of Mrs. Stanley, and she again took up the old complaining tune.

"Yes, there is Mrs. Alfred, with nothing to do but walk over the rich carpet, her foot half buried in its flowers; and her eyes feasted upon grand paintings, and rare flowers; and not a child to trouble her; a carriage at her service; and a husband who is *so* devoted—idolizes her, they say; and I must worry and toil all day; Harry and Katie are a constant care when out of school, and the babe is so fretful that I seldom find time to read."

"And yet, if the Reaper were to demand of you a sheaf for the Lord of Paradise, could you give them up?" There was just a shadow of reproach in Aunt Esther's voice.

"Oh, of course not; I could not part with my children; but—but—I mean that I am so weary of care; and it seems so unjust that one should tread a path of thorns, and another, of roses."

"Flora, is it more than just, that the traveller who has pursued his journey under heavy clouds and chilling storms in the morning, should at length be permitted to see them disperse, and to feel the warm sunlight; and, that when the sun is ushered through the gates of the west, that all those clouds should turn to rich fleets of crimson, brightly seamed with gold?"

"Of course not, Aunt Esther; but one should not be compelled to travel all day in the storm, while another is enjoying a pleasant journey."

"No, Flora; but was not the morning of your life as bright as devoted parents could render it? Was not your path along the flowery meadows of childhood, where only light shadows played, and never a storm descended?"

"Yes, aunt; but those were my only happy days."

"But those, you admit, were full of pleasure; and now Flora, to convince you that our Father bestows not all his blessings upon one, but often makes up at one period for what has been suffered at another, permit me to relate to you the history of the lady over the way."

"Why, Aunt Esther, are you acquainted with her early history?" womanly curiosity prevailing over every other feeling.

"Yes, I am very familiar with it. Mrs. Alfred was Stella May; her mother was one of my most esteemed acquaintances in a village of New Hampshire, where we both resided. But she was of a delicate organization, and after a winter of unusual severity, just as a green flush began to spread the forest canopy for the reception of the approaching summer queen, they cut through the anemones and violets, to lay beneath their broidery Stella's mother.

"Stella was then nine; a reserved, thoughtful looking child; not remarkably pretty, although her deep eyes were admired. A year after her mother's death, her father's grave was made by her mother's, and his affairs being much involved, Stella was left penniless, with no relatives who could receive her into their families. She was taken by a lady of the village as a nurse for her children, and for three years her life was devoted to them. Fortunately for Stella, this family moved to a distant part of the Union, and she was transferred to another home, where she was permitted to attend school. Her active mind soon placed her upon an equality with those of her age; and, although Stella was never supposed to be tired in the discharge of home duties, she was cheerful, and appeared contented.

"About this time she evinced so rare a talent for music, that a lady amateur offered to instruct her gratis, as long as she applied herself diligently; and when she was sixteen, she had not an equal, as a performer, in the village.

"She began to give lessons, and a wealthy merchant from N. York, who was spending a few days in her town, attracted by her brilliant performance, employed her as teacher and companion for his own daughter; who being an only child, complained of loneliness.

"As he was well known by Stella's guardian, she gladly embraced the opportunity of rendering herself independent, and accompanied Mr. Hale to New York.

"She did not find his daughter, Georgiana, the young lady whom her imagination had fondly pictured. She had fancied her conscious of her position and filling it with dignity, yet, at the same time, abounding with amiability; so natural it is for a pure mind to cast its reflection upon those with whom it is associated.

"Miss Hale had been pampered and flattered by her weak mother, and so often reminded of the high position which she occupied as the 'heiress,' that it had become to her a title of such importance, that she would have regarded anything less than an atmosphere of haughtiness towards those below her in position, a compromise of her dignity.

"She had not learned the axiom, that quality will convey an impression of itself, as truly as the sweet or unpleasing odors of plants impress themselves upon the senses; and that true superiority of heart, mind, or character, is, to our perceptions, what perfumes are to the olfactories.

"Mrs. Hale was pleased with Stella's patience with Georgia, for few teachers would submit to her irritability; and knowing that it would be much to her interest to retain her, procured her enough scholars to enable her to realize a snug little salary for her maintenance.

"She had remained in Mr. Hale's family three years, and was now nineteen. She had not bloomed into what society recognizes as a beauty, but her face was fair, and her countenance was high, as well as deep-toned. But her large eyes, in which the soft, clear flame of beautiful thoughts ever glowed, were the attraction of her face; and her voice, that echo from the soul, was so soft, low, and musical, that it seemed a bright rivulet, flowing smoothly over the thought-pebbles, shining up so purely from the depths of her mind.

"Georgia enjoyed her society when alone, and as a private companion found her indispensable; but in company, she wished the fact kept constantly before the mind, that there was a great gulf between Miss Hale, the heiress, and Miss May, the music teacher. And, when at times, Stella came out from the fortress of her reserve, and allowed the flowers of her thoughts to exhale their fragrance in conversation, Georgia could but poorly conceal her uneasiness as to the result of those beautiful eyes, and that expressive face, when the moonlight of ideality was irradiating it by its enchantment.

"Georgia, like most young ladies of her age, was in love. Like 'David Copperfield,' she 'ate and drank Dora;' viz: Walter Alfred, a young man of high social position, and the possessor of that great elevator to feminine regard, wealth. Georgia had more than once pointed out to Stella Mr. Alfred's beautiful residence; 'and you, Stella, shall be my maid of honor,' she would patronizingly add, when

she had wrought herself up to her most amiable humor, by the delightful contemplation of becoming Mrs. Alfred.

"Stella often met Mr. Alfred in the parlor; and at first admired him; and, then she felt the fortifications of her heart giving away beneath the artillery of those clear, hazel eyes; for she thought she discerned a soul, from which their light was reflected, richly freighted with the noblest attributes of manhood. There was something in his full vibrative voice which troubled the fountains of affection, and threw them into wild commotion.

"At first, she would not acknowledge the guest who sat enthroned in purple, in her heart's sanctuary; but one evening, she played at his request, one of his favorites; and, as one of the beautiful lines, like a chain of pearls, thrilled upon the echoes of her musical voice, their eyes met; and Stella knew that she was a captive, who had no longer control over her own happiness.

"A thrill of anguish made her heart almost cease its beating, as the planet of love rose, full orb'd, from the cloud, where it had been hidden. How mocking was its brilliance! like that of some rich gem, flashing and glittering in the eyes of a child of poverty; yet, defying all his attempts to grasp it.

"Loving, with the depth and intensity of her tropical nature, one who was affianced to another, whose position was so far above hers, it was hopeless—sinful; and she resolved to uproot this rare blossom which had suddenly made her heart fragrant by its purple bloom, although happiness should fall, crushed and bleeding, beneath the keen blade of duty, which should cleave it asunder. Her plans were speedily matured. She would return to the village from whence she came, and there await another opportunity of finding employment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hale were surprised, and pained at her announcement, that she must leave the city; and made her a most generous offer, to induce her to remain; but Stella did not swerve from her purpose; and expressing her gratitude to her employers for their appreciation of her efforts, she left in the six o'clock train, the next morning, for Cumberland.

"'You *must* come, Stella,' whispered Georgia, at their parting, 'and play Walter's favorite at our wedding.'

"Had she been an acute observer of emotion, she would have read all in Stella's great, dark eyes, as she replied,

"'No, Georgia, you will not need me, then.'

"The huge iron horse sent out from his nostrils black volumes of smoke, and soon the tramp of his ponderous feet, bore on the ears with such speed, that hill, creek, and forest, seemed engaged in a fantastic dance.

"Stella sat alone in her gray travelling dress, looking musingly, and sadly, out upon nature, as it sped past upon flying feet. In three years, the artist Time had touched with many shades of grace, the picture of her life; and she was a refined, and in the higher sense of the word, a beautiful woman.

"She had been at Cumberland a month; what a long, weary month; and, although her face was paler, it was more spiritualized and sublimated in its expression. It was an August evening, and Stella was sitting upon the rose trellised porch, looking into the face of the east, which was brightening, as the expected evening queen drew near, and at length appeared at the eastern portal, where a train of stars received and ushered her proudly into the gay assemblage.

"In the hazy twilight, and the white moonlight, how narrow seems the space between us and the spirit land; as, if we drew so near, that faint echoes of their music trembled through our souls, begetting there, high and holy impulses; and when the magical moonlight lies with its enchantment upon the earth, we half believe the curtains looped aside from the windows of the heavenly temple, and the splendor of its celestial lamps shining down upon our planet.

"Stella was borrowing strength and inspiration from the hour. She was resolved to forget self, and labor for the benefit of others. To take the sickle in her hand, and go out into the harvest, that the world might be at least some better for her having lived in it.

"Her train of reflections were broken by her guardian's little daughter, who came bounding upon the porch.

"'Stella, Stella! come into the parlor; there is a gentleman there, who wants to see you.'

"'Mr. Loyd, I suppose, Lillie; he was to bring me a new piece of music this evening,' and Stella rose, and followed the little flitting figure into the parlor.

"He was sitting with his face averted, but turned, as the rustle of her dress, warned him of her presence.

"'Mr. Alfred!' the words sprang to her lips, as did the color to her face. Her greeting was cold, while his was cordial, almost tender.

"A few commonplace remarks were passed, when Mr. Alfred said,

"'Miss May, will you permit me to deliver the message, which brought me here this evening.'

"She supposed he had come to invite her to be present at his and Georgia's wedding, and a sharp pang shot through her heart, as she replied,

"'I shall be glad to hear it, Mr. Alfred.'

"For a moment, the dark eyes rested full upon her face, then he replied in a modulated tone,

"'I should be happy if I thought so, Miss May. I have in my heart a frame, wrought of the purest and best of my nature, but it is unfilled yet, and your image is the only one which I ever wished placed there. Shall I have the picture?'

"How the currents of her heart would have burst from their fetters of ice, and dimpled into music, had not the thought of what Georgia had told her, sat at the door, where happiness was pleading to enter. And he was trying, for his own amusement, his power upon her heart, was the thought that stung her proud nature, and roused all the energies of her soul; as a quiet camp is in a moment aroused from its monotony, at the alarm of an enemy. Her eyes flashed with feeling, as she drew herself up before him.

"'Mr. Alfred!' she exclaimed, 'while you have sought to trifling with me, you have also given me credit for so small an amount of penetration, as not to discern, that the affianced of Miss Hale would scarcely offer his hand to a fortuneless orphan, with any other motive than flattering her vanity, by the supposed eager acceptance of wealth and position, such as you could confer; and then crushing her by disappointment, as you are crushing that rose in your hand, Mr. Alfred, now that you no longer care to inhale its fragrance.'

"Sorrow was in Mr. Alfred's eyes at first, and then a flash of light swept over his face, as the sunlight over a dark landscape. A new thought had entered his mind.

"'Miss May, may I inquire what evidence you have of my engagement to Miss Hale?'

"'Her own words, sir; and your frequent calls at her house.'

"'Perhaps I can convince you, that you alone was the magnet which drew me there, when I inform you that I have not been there since you left; and if you wish farther proof than my word, that there is not, nor has ever been, an engagement existing between us, I

will tell Miss Hale in your presence, that I have offered you my hand!

"Stella, I love you; every tendril of my heart is clasping around you; but you are too noble, too true to yourself, and will be too just to me, to accept me, unless you can draw aside in the temple of your heart the veil of the Holy of Holies, and give me a throne there, which I would rather occupy than the proudest one, around which fell the royal purple of the Caesars."

"He had arisen from his chair, and seated himself by her side. Respectfully he took her hand—

"Have I any hope of ever possessing this, Stella?"

"She raised her eyes timidly, to read the expression of his face. It was aglow with tenderness and sincerity, and the tears which fell upon his hand thrilled him with delicious ecstasy; for he knew they were overflowing drops from the fountains of affection; and he drew her to his heart, and pressed upon her rich lips the seal of their betrothal.

"I have in you a fortune, Stella," said Mr. Alfred, "far more valuable and difficult to obtain than gold—a mind perfumed by the richest gem woman possesses—a loving heart. Many young ladies would have married my position; but I knew that you would never compromise your womanhood by a marriage that was not sanctified by the baptism of love.

"Stella May, the orphan! How had the bleak winter morning of her life been transformed into the fragrant summer day; and over and around the mountains and valleys of existence, hung the mists of happiness in the approaching future, and loving cadences swept like the tones of a grand, majestic organ, through her heart.

"Georgia was too indignant to even respond to Stella's invitation to be present at her wedding. How Walter Alfred had ever been entrapped by that artful Stella, she could not comprehend; and, although many of his aristocratic friends were surprised at the choice of the young man, who might have selected a bride from the heiresses of his acquaintance, they could but admire Stella, who presided with as much ease and dignity in her splendid home, as though to the 'manor born.' And now she is gathering the flowers of ease and happiness which grew around your feet in the sunny May of your girlhood Flora, when her life was full of frost and darkness; and there is that in her face which tells me that she has exalted

purified her nature by the trials through which she has passed.

"Believe me, my dear Flora, in meeting obstacles bravely, and overcoming them, resides the alchemy which ennobles and raises to higher planes; which imparts the power of irradiating all around us, as the moon, by her own brightness, illumines everything towards which her face is turned."

"And you think I have the power to make my home brighter, Aunt Esther?"

"You have, Flora. Pardon my plainness. Your happiness depends as much upon the light within, as that which surrounds you. The wife and mother is the central sun from which husband and children receive warmth and light; and if that sun is eclipsed by indifference and neglect, darkness and coldness will fall upon the hearthstone, and hang like grim spectres at the portal of your home."

Five years later, Aunt Esther is Mrs. Stanley's guest. The shadows which of yore marred the beauty of her face, have almost disappeared; and patience, and good resolves, have written their calm sentences of peace upon her brow.

"Your path is leading into a land of flowers and cool fountains, is it not, Flora?"

"Yes, aunt; and to you and Mrs. Alfred am I indebted for showing me the path which led to them. I used so bitterly to envy her; but, what she has told me of her childhood of sorrow and self-denial, taught me that those whom we envy, are perhaps only just presented the cup which we have long since drained. And, best of all, she has, by her example, illustrated to me, that if in the life-battle, the contest is hard, we are made stronger and better by fighting valiantly; that a high and earnest purpose in the heart can accomplish almost miracles, and bless its possessor with happiness; and, for the bright star of peace which now hangs over our home, I thank you, dear aunt, and the lady whom so much I envied, over the way."

#### MAXIMS ON TIME.

*Time* is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

*Time* is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

*Time* well employed gives that health and vigor to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body.

## Margaret Lee.

BY ELLEN CLAREMONT.

Margaret Lee—you do not know her?

She is "all my life to me"—

Half a score of years I loved her—

Darling Margaret Lee!

Margaret has no "golden ringlets"—

Has no voice "of silvery tone"—

Has no "brow of marble whiteness"—

Beauty she has none.

Margaret's eyes are dull and dreamy,

None could deem her fair to see;

Very plain are all her features—

Homely Margaret Lee.

Margaret owns no stately mansion—

Carries not a heavy purse;

Heiress to no lordly acres,

Humble station hers.

Quietly she treads life's highway;

Quiet, yet with noble mien;

Mid the lowly, mid the lofty,

Journeying like a queen.

Some have called her cold and haughty,

From her bearing high and free;

Some have said a lofty spirit

Dwells with Margaret Lee.

This may be—I cannot answer;

It may be that she is proud—

That no dark, all-humbling sorrow

Hath her spirit bowed.

But I know, that with the mourner's,

Margaret's tears will ever start;

While the flowers of loving-kindness

Blossom in her heart.

Some have thought her weak and sinful—

Thoughtless, careless of the right;

Said, her actions far from blameless,

Seemed to mortal sight.

It is true, the clouds of error

Ofttimes fall athwart her way,

Hiding where the rough and changeful

Paths of duty lay.

But unseen by mortal vision

Daily bends a suppliant knee—

Humbly bows a contrite spirit—

Praying Margaret Lee.

Asking of the All-forgiving

Pardon for her erring life,

Seeking strength, and faith, and patience,

For its coming strife.

Thus, with footsteps often faltering,

But with steadfast hope in God,

Still she keeps her toilsome journey

O'er the earthly road.

And at last, all woe and weakness,

Lost in mercy, it may be,

Heaven's pearly gates will open

For sweet Margaret Lee.

There, redeemed from sin and sorrow,

There, from care and conflict free,

She will walk the angel city,

Angel Margaret Lee.

OCTOBER, 1861.

## Heaven is Near Us,

IF WE WILL IT.

BY NETTIE VERNON.

What a world of mystery is this in which we live! Scarcely an hour passes that does not write a little history all its own deep within some heart, perchance of sorrow or of joy.

Childhood's sunny hours give place to the gathering gloom of riper years, and change follows change in such rapid succession that we are almost led to believe that life is *all* a dream, unreal, unsatisfying.

Ah! then, how sweet the thought, how cheering the reflection—"Heaven is near us if we will it." Its joys never fade—its pleasures never wane—its harmony is all perfect, complete, unchanging. Over the rough, storm-wrapped hills of this life, faith bears the weary, shrinking, trembling soul, to a sweet haven of repose, gilded by the pure rays of celestial brightness, for, "God himself shall be the light thereof."

"Heaven is near us, if we will it." Sweet assurance! who would not will it? Who would not seek to mingle its pure influences with the ever-varying scenes of earth, its oft-changing dreams, or even its sternest realities?

One sweet promise, floating ever round us from the pure atmosphere of that upper world, will go with us even to the bed of death, and point our minds beyond that parting scene to the region of eternal friendship at His right hand. *There, sorrow casts no gloomy shade.*

"Heaven is near us if we will it." Weary wanderer on the shore of time, and in thy heart, and lonely is thy lot; yet Heaven, with its radiance, may be near *thee*. 'Tis just beyond the cloud that skirts thy dim horizon, blissful, fair. And angels may be thy attendant spirits all along life's rugged path; their symphonies may mingle harmoniously with the discord and strife of earth, and if thy inward ear be attuned to their melodies, thou shalt indeed be happy, for peace shall smile sweetly in the face of every ill, and hope shall send the glad echo through thine inmost soul—*"Heaven is near us, if we will it."*

## Always in Sunshine.

There are men who always come to you in sunshine; and there are men whose presence you feel as a shadow. It is ever so, meet them when and where you will—at home, in the street, on 'Change, in the store, office, or counting-room—there is ever the radiant sun-shine or the projected shadow.

As men are, so, in the main, will you find their homes. The man who turns his face always to the light brings his warm and genial sphere into his home-circle; while the man whose back is to the sun never enters the door of his dwelling without throwing a shadow over the household.

My Uncle Florian was a man whose spirit seemed to know perpetual sunshine. I never saw a cloud in his face; I never knew his coming to shadow the heart of even a little child. Dear Uncle Florian! What a rare pleasure it was when, leave obtained, I turned my steps lightly from the shadowed house where my early years were spent, and came, for a brief season, into the brightness of thy beloved presence!

"Ah! Hattie dear, is this you?" Memory will never lose the echo of his pleasant voice as he greeted my coming; nor do I feel the pressure of his hand lighter now upon my head than it was thirty years ago, when it buried itself among the golden curls of childhood.

My aunt was not so cheerful in spirit as Uncle Florian. She was more inclined to look upon the dark side of things, and to prophesy evil instead of good. But Uncle Florian never permitted the clouds to darken the whole sweep of her horizon. If he could not always scatter the leaden mass of vapor he would break it into rifts, and let in, here and there, broad strips of sunshine.

Children are always children—thoughtless, given to fits of passion, disobedient in little things, inclined to selfishness. I give the picture's shadowed side. My cousins were no exception. Children are not born angels; they come to us in the natural plane of life, and receive by inheritance natural inclinations, which, unhappily, ever show a downward proclivity. But the germs of angelic life are in the inmosts of their being, and the wise parent gives loving yet earnest heed to the insemination of these, which is done by the awakening of gentle, tender, unselfish affections, and the storing up of good and true principles in the mind.

My cousins were like other children; and their mother, like too many mothers, weakly indulgent at times, and passionate, unreason-able, and exacting at other times. Ill health—the curse of American mothers—made her often fretful, and dimmed her vision when she looked out upon life.

I remember one June day that I spent, as a great privilege, at Uncle Florian's. I did not ask of my father the privilege, for I feared his universal "No." But after he had gone forth, I enticed, with childish art, my weak, unhappy mother into consent. Quietly, almost demurely, fearing to show any exuberant feelings, I stole out from my shadowed home; and when once fairly beyond the gate, and across the road into the green fields, I flew over the intervening distance with the tremulous joy of an uncaged bird.

"Ah, Hattie, dear!" It was the kind voice of Uncle Florian. I met him at the gate, surrounded by my cousins. He laid his hand upon my head as usual, and stooped to receive my kiss.

"How are father and mother?"

"Well, I thank you."

Ah, but it was not well with them. Why, in my childish ignorance, I knew not. But, somehow, my father always came to us in shadow. His presence hushed the sports of his children. Our home rarely knew the blessing of cheerful sunshine.

"Take good care of Hattie, dears," said Uncle Florian, with a beaming countenance, as he turned from the gate; "and make this day in her life's calendar a golden one."

And it was a golden one, as were all the days I ever spent at Uncle Florian's. Yet was not the day all cloudless. It was more shadowed, perhaps, than any day I had ever spent with my cousins, who were, as I have said, like other children, given to fits of passion, and swayed by the sudden impulse of selfish feelings. Several times Aubry, the oldest of my cousins, who seemed for awhile possessed with a teasing spirit, worried his gentle sister Marion into tears, and sadly marred our pleasure. He would not go away and find his own enjoyment, but kept with us nearly all the morning, for no other reason, it seemed, than to gratify an unamiable temper.

At dinner-time—Uncle Florian had gone to the city, and would not return until towards evening—Marion complained bitterly of Aubry's conduct, and my aunt scolded sharply. The boy did not receive his mother's intemperately-spoken reproof in a very good spirit, and

was sent from the table in consequence of a disrespectful word dropped thoughtlessly from his lips—a word repented of as soon as uttered, and which a wiser reproof on his mother's part would not have provoked.

I tasted no more food after Aubry was sent from the table.

"Your father shall hear of this!" said my aunt, sternly, as Aubry left the room.

My cousin did not trouble us again during the remainder of the day. I met him several times, but he did not look cheerful. His own thoughts were, I saw, punishing him severely. A restless spirit kept him wandering about, and doing all kinds of out-of-the-way things. Now you would see him turning the grind-stone vigorously, though no one held axe or knife-blade upon the swiftly revolving periphery; now he was on the top of a hay-mow; now climbing the long, straight pole that bore up the painted bird-box, to see if the twittering swallow had laid an egg; and now lying upon the grass in restless indecision.

Crash! What is that? The boy had found his way out upon the branch of one of his father's choice plum trees, which had only this year come into bearing, and was laden with its first offerings of half-ripe fruit. His weight proved too heavy for the slender limb, and now, torn from its hold upon the tree, it lay in ruin upon the ground.

Aubry was unhurt. In falling he had alighted upon his feet. But if his body had escaped without harm, not so his mind; for he comprehended in an instant the extent of injury sustained by his father's favorite tree—a tree to which two years of careful attention had been given, and to the ripening of whose choicely-flavored fruit that father had looked with so much pleasure. The shape of the tree was also a matter of pride with Uncle Florian. He had pruned it for two seasons with a careful attention to symmetry as well as fruit-bearing, and I had more than once heard him speak of its almost perfect form.

Tears were in the eyes of my Cousin Aubry as we came up to where he stood, gazing sadly upon the broken limb. My aunt had heard the crash and fall, and came running out from the house with a frightened air. The moment she comprehended the nature of what had occurred she struck her hands together passionately, and stung the already suffering mind of the boy with sharp, reproving words. Aubry made no answer. The pain he felt was too severe to find much accession from this cause; though

any added pang was cruelty, no matter from what source it came.

"If it had been any other tree," said Aubry, I was sitting by his side, trying to comfort him, an hour after the accident. "If it had been any other tree I would not have cared so much. But father valued this one so highly.

It was his favorite tree."

"He will not be angry." I was thinking how very angry my own father would have been under like circumstances, and how surely he would have punished my brother had he been guilty of a similar fault. "He is always so cheerful—always so ready to forgive."

"It isn't that, Cousin Hattie—it isn't that," answered the boy, in a troubled voice. "It is not his anger I fear."

"What, then, have you to fear?" I inquired. "His sorrow, cousin. Ah, Hattie! that is worse than his anger. He took so much pride in this tree; and now it is ruined forever!"

"Only a single limb is broken. The tree is not destroyed. There is much fruit on it still," I said, trying to comfort him.

"It's beauty is gone," replied Aubry. "That beauty which father produced by such careful pruning. No, Hattie; there is no bright side to the picture. All is dark."

It was in vain; we could not comfort the unhappy boy, who spent the rest of the day alone, brooding over the event which had so troubled his peace.

"There's your father now," I heard my aunt say, a little before sundown. She was speaking to Aubry, and her voice had in it neither encouragement nor comfort. The breaking of the tree had excited her anger, and she still felt something of unkindness. I looked from the window and saw Uncle Florian alighting from his horse. His face was turned towards us—his kind, good face, that always looked as if the sun were shining upon it. Aubry arose—he had been sitting by a table, with a dejected air, his head resting upon his hand—and went out hastily to meet his father.

"I hope," said my aunt, "that he will give him a good scolding; he richly deserves it. What business had he to climb into that tree, and out upon so slender a limb?"

I felt an almost breathless interest in the meeting between my cousin and Uncle Florian. I had never seen that mild face clouded, but I was sure it would be clouded now. How could it help being? His countenance, as he stood with his hand resting upon the neck of his horse, was still turned towards us, and I could

see every varying expression. My breathing was nearly suspended as I saw Aubry reach his father and look up into his face. A little while he talked to him, while Uncle Florian listened attentively. Every instant I expected to see the cloud, but it came not to dim the light of cheerful kindness in that almost angelic countenance. While Aubry yet talked, earnestly, to his father, one of the farm hands came out from the stable and took the horse. Then the two—father and son—came towards the house; and as the former commenced speaking, in answer to the communication which he had received, I noticed that he laid his hand upon the shoulder of Aubry in an affectionate way, and drew him close to his side. They passed near the broken plum tree, but neither looked at it. I think Uncle Florian avoided a sight which, just then, could hardly have been met without an unpleasant shock to his feelings.

Now, as ever, dear Uncle Florian came in sunshine; and it was warm enough and bright enough to chase away coldness and shadow even from the heart and brow of my aunt, who could not forgive the offence of her boy.

For every one my good uncle had a smile or a pleasant word. If in degree there was a difference, it was in favor of Aubry, who seemed held to his father's side by some irresistible attraction. Instead of separating between him and his father, I think that little unpleasant even drew them nearer together, and bound their hearts closer by the magic tie of love.

As I turned my face homeward that evening I felt that I had turned it away from the sunshine; and so it was. A trifling fault of one of my brothers had been visited by excessive punishment, given in anger, and there was gloom in the household—and not only gloom, but alienation, the germ of separation.

We were sitting, on the next morning, at our late, silent, moody breakfast—silent and moody after rebuking words from my father, who seemed only half-satisfied with the punishment already meted out to my brother—when the door opened, and a cheerful voice sent a chord of pleasant music vibrating through the room, and a face that always came in sunshine scattered, with its golden beams, the clouds which curtainad all our feelings. Smiles warmed over the sober face of my mother, and light sparkled in her eyes, while the whole aspect of my father's countenance underwent a change.

"Ah, Harry!" Uncle Florian spoke to my

brother, who was in disgrace for a fault light in every way compared to the fault of Aubry on the day previous, "how finely you are growing! Really, you are the handsomest boy in the neighborhood."

"If he were only as good as he is good looking," said my mother.

"Tut! tut!" replied Uncle Florian, half-aside, to my mother. "Never say that to a boy's face." Then aloud and cheerfully, "I'll stand sponsor for Harry, and put his good conduct against his good looks any day." What a grateful expression my brother cast upon him.

For each and all Uncle Florian had a kind word, and upon each and all fell the warm sunlight of his cheerful spirit. When he left us, after his brief visit, we were all happier. Even my father's brows were less contracted, and his voice was kinder when he spoke; and as for my mother, her heart was warmer and her countenance brighter through all the day that followed.

Blessings on Uncle Florian, and all men who, like him, come to us in sunshine! They carry their own heaven with them, and give to every one they meet a glimpse of its sweet beatitudes. Ever more ready to praise than blame—to see good rather than evil—to find the sunny instead of the cloudy side—they are like the angels of whom it has been said, 'that when they come to a man they search only for what is good in him, that they may warm the celestial seed into germination, knowing that if the forces of life are directed into the good seed the evil must lie dormant. Long years since he went to his rest—his days declining, like the last warm days of the later autumn, and his western sky radiant with the passing glories of a spirit that always clothed itself in sunbeams.'

## The Weak Point.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Sylvia Dean was the daughter of a widow, and had two sisters, one older, and one younger than herself. When I visited her mother eight years ago, she was "the flower of the family," not only in good looks, but in every good quality.

The practice of every virtue seemed to come natural to her; for there are those—out of novels—who seem to grow naturally towards perfection—who need no restraints to keep them from running into evil courses—no incentives to lead them towards the right—whom,

"no restraints circumscribe so much as they, themselves, nor can example hurt them."

Yet, with all these tendencies towards good, there was a vulnerable point in the character of Sylvia; a weakness that made her rather prone to lean upon others, than to rely confidently in her own strength. A distrust perhaps, which led her to prefer others to herself in matters of opinion, as she always did where a question of comfort or pleasure was concerned. This outer influence to which she yielded, often neutralized her good—unsteadied her from her purpose, with a sort of moral magnetic power that drew her from her course, and made her think the worse the better way. She did not voluntarily yield to others, but was unconsciously operated upon, and made to believe the worse the better way. How often have I seen weaker, thus influenced, by stronger, but less pure and harmonious natures.

Now Sylvia, as I said, seemed to possess every virtue, every good quality in exactly the right proportion; no excess, no lack, and, left to the even tenor of her way, would have been a full and rounded character.

I do not mean that she could ever have been tempted to adopt anything vicious; that, I think, would have been impossible to her nature; it was simply a falling off in the practice of excellencies, by a distrust infused into her mind, that she was carrying them too far. For instance, she was a pattern of neatness, not finical niceness, but real cleanliness and tidiness.

This sprang not only from her love of real beauty and fitness. It is said, "from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid," so a pure mind will desire purity of person and surroundings. A mind well ordered will be made uneasy by physical or moral disorder.

She was not a slave to order and neatness, as some are in whom they are largely developed—never sacrificed the greater to the less; her nature was too well poised for that.

Now her sisters verged towards slatterns; to observe neatness and order in all points went against the grain, and was therefore hard work for them. So they made Sylvia's habits a subject of ridicule, sometimes even of reproach, as though they betokened a little nature. By degrees they worked upon her mind to believe this. At first she only feared—questioned herself, "Is it so?" and then said, "Perhaps I am disagreeably particular. Perhaps it is pettiness in me. An excellence carried to excess becomes a fault. I must look to this." So she gradually became slack and

remiss in those things, wherein before she had observed a just medium.

She told me this had been the process of her mind, when I said to her, upon meeting her, after several years' absence,

"Why, Sylvia, how careless you have grown!"

So, with her habits of industry. Her sisters called her "Vermont," and "Miss Ophelia," "a miserly soul," and a "would-be Dorcas," and her mother thoughtlessly echoed these things. Many a household ornament and comfort has been missed in consequence; many a poor child gone stockingless.

She practised economy—dressed as well as they at half the cost, by the exercise of a little care and good taste. This they called "parsimony," "littleness," till she became less careful in preserving, or in the selection of material that would be both serviceable and handsome, being governed more by their own standard, and their habits.

I do not think their teasings and banterings were intended to produce these results. They were referable to the cause of a great many mistakes, and much misery in the world.

"Didn't think—didn't reflect."

### The Burial.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

I.

Sweet as the sea-wave's soft and slumbrous moan  
On evening's brown and balmy atmosphere,  
Came lovely Autumn, with her pleasant tone,  
Along the blue hills, in sweet echoes thrown,  
And sang within the red heart of the year

II.

A dear old anthem, that the Spring-time breeze  
Caught up, along the borders of the May,  
And bore across the Summer's shining seas,  
And played on Autumn's gold and crimson keys,  
The sweetest strains of South-land melody.

III.

The hidden harp-cords of the hooded hills,  
Slipped their slow notes along the soothing strain,  
And, through the valley's green and golden frills,  
The silver lutes of all the rippling rills  
In chorus, improvised a sweet refrain.

IV.

Out in the murmur of the mourning pines  
The pensive poet penned his plaintive lay;  
The light between the leaves, in silver lines,  
Fluting the crimson of the beetie vines,  
Made rich embroideries 'round the robe of day.

V.

Down in the shadows of the forest trees,  
And scarlet beauty of the braided ways,

The squirrel cracked his nuts, and sat at ease—  
Sat there, and frisked, and chattered in the breeze,  
And housed his acorns, for the winter days.

## VI.

Close by the brook, that ran its shining thread  
Through the pale purple of the woodland shade,  
The wary rabbit, with a stealthy tread,  
Stirred the crisp leaves along its rustling bed,  
And stole away, half fearless, half afraid.

## VII.

Where, from the thorn-hedge, leaked a liquid note  
Of melting music, through the golden gloam,  
From some wild warbler's clear and mellow throat,  
That ran in silver rills around the moat,  
And shook the slumber from his woodland home,

## VIII.

All now was still; the spirits of dead flowers  
In phantom ships, went down the droning air;  
Up from the weedy beds, and rifled bowers,  
In featherly fleets, sailed down the lonely hours,  
Off to the dusky vales, and foundered there.

## IX.

The plumaged gipsies of the summer days,  
That came with violets of the sweet Spring-time,  
Had struck their tents along the woodland ways,  
And emigrated, through the golden haze,  
Afar, to South-land's soft and sunny clime.

## X.

There was no wing astir, no blossom there  
On all the hills, and through the dreary day,  
Save but the dusky pirate of the air,  
That wheeled his slow rounds with a winkless glare,  
Blood-thirsty, hovering o'er his piping prey.

## XI.

Now, like a flash, he swoops, and bears on high  
His writhing victim, far in solitude;  
With furious flutterings, and flaming eye,  
And frantic upward bound, and shrill outcry,  
Too late, the mother warns her crouching brood.

## XII.

The hanter's gun, along the hills and streams,  
In hollow hoarseness breaks the slumbrous wave  
Of solemn silence, and its echo seems  
Amid the realm of shade and sombre dreams,  
A farewell shot, above a soldier's grave.

## XIII.

Sweet Autumn sat, amid the gloomy boughs,  
With languid eyes, and lovely, listless grace;  
She died in beauty, and the hectic flush  
Insidious, lovely as youth's healthful blush,  
Burned out its red fires on her waxen face.

## XIV.

Then Winter, white-haired Sexton of the year,  
Came, grieving, when consumptive Autumn died,  
And dug her grave, with many a moan and tear,  
And draped in sable folds her solemn bier,  
And buried her down by the ocean side.

## Letters to the Girls.

## No. XIV.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

Did you ever have a play-house, girls? Well, I did once, and it stood just back of the garden, where the old plum-tree showered down its purple fruit, and the grape-vines came clinging round, and thrust their green clusters through the crevices of the roof. That play-house was the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my soul. The floor was of green grass, and a rude bench for a seat, was placed against the wall on the inside, with a basket behind the door for my kitten, and a cupboard tacked up against the side, for my crockery. I then had never read or heard of the tiny china tea-sets made on purpose for little girls, so I was perfectly contented with my broken bits of cups, old vials, and cracked sugar-bowl; and I never can forget the pleasure I received one day, when visiting a schoolmate, two years older than myself. Just before starting for home, she led me out to a corner of the yard, and there half overgrown with grass pointed out to me a whole pile of broken crockery, with the remark that she used to love to play in a play-house once, but did not care anything about it now, she presented me with the whole treasure. I could not then understand how any one could become tired of what was my greatest delight, and I puzzled my thoughts over it all the evening, and at last fell asleep, perfectly satisfied that if I lived a thousand years, I never could become tired of a play-house. But, girls, years before I left home, the roof tumbled in for want of care, the bench became moss-grown, and the treasured bits of crockery buried beneath accumulating rubbish, forgotten; not because I was fickle, but changed. The child's mind had been content with baubles—the girl's, reaching out with aspirations, was soaring and climbing for something higher. God has given to each soul powers of growth, dependent, in a great measure, on itself for cultivation and care. Each one is varied, and has different gifts, and some are strong, and some weak; a few tropical, bursting into maturity young; and others backward, yet steadily progressing. In the crossings and turnings of life, two often meet, and imagine for awhile they are kindred spirits. One author is agreeable to both—the same scenery is beautiful to the eye, and the pilgrimage of earth presents to each the same fair view. But time passes, and some buds of the mind, at first not discernible, spring up in

the breast of one, and grow, and throw out branches, overtopping all the rest, and these very qualities of the soul that attracted each other, in one become dwarfed, in the other, perhaps overgrown, and where is the companionship? Make the eagle herd with the cattle of the field, and the wild antelope with the lamb, and I will make these hearts, once so united, to again enjoy perfect communion.

School-girl friendship, school-girl love, has become so synonymous with fickleness, that it is almost always spoken of with a sneer. But we might almost as well take two small trees, shaped alike, yet of different species, and give them to the gardener's hands, expecting them to grow up in similar form. The fountain of life within them, sending out twig and branch, in obedience to its being, perhaps lifts one aloft towards the sky, battling and growing strong with the elements of air; the other, drooping, pendent, and clinging, as if seeking protection of earth. One, entirely ignorant of the organization of each tree, could hardly tell which would be the weak, and which the strong, and much more so with mankind. Whose eye but the Omnipotent can see all the undeveloped germs, ready to bud in thought, and branch in action, bringing this enigma before the world, a common-place girl, maturing into a noble, intellectual woman. Dear girls, there is a path in life, sometimes very long, and many of you will early lay your hand in another, and say, "I will walk it with you." There is sorrow and rejoicing, prosperity and adversity, greeting and parting, welcoming and death, in that road, and how meet that your companion should be fit and suitable to walk it with you; but, how can you choose that arm, if you know not yourself what arm you need. Perhaps what you love this year, will be distasteful another—what you gather as a pearl to-day, you will cast aside as worthless to-morrow, and the love that you now hoard in the heart as life's most precious treasure, months hence, you would gladly throw to the uttermost earth, even its memory. But, some may question, "Do we not change from the cradle to the tomb?" We do, and so does the tree. The pitiless storm breaks off some limb, the winds warp the branches, till the birds mistake their favorite bough; the leaves grow small, and the top dies; but the outline is there, firm and unchanging; and the man, returning to his native home, that he left a boy, cries out, as his eyes fill with tears, "There is the old oak which I have played under a hundred times."

Do not be in too great a hurry, girls; surely the teens are not too long a time to give to father and mother, and the development under their thoughtful care of those powers and affections of the mind that will make the steps strong to walk the married pathway, whether it be laid with the moss of ease, or bristling with the thorns of affliction and sorrow.

BEREA, OHIO.

## Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

"Dear me! there goes the stage horn!" exclaimed Mrs. Patience Palmer, wife of Deacon Daniel Palmer, as the long, mellifluous notes wound through the still autumn air; and she plunged her knife into the heart of a great quince which she had just taken from a heap in a peck basket on her right hand. "I'd no idea it was so late," continuing her monologue, while the skins fell in long, golden coils over her fingers, following the rapid flash of her knife around the fruit; "and I must get these quinces pared afore night, or else there's no hope of their being preserved to-morrow mornin'; and I promised *Miss Richards* I'd be over afore two o'clock to help her get things ready for the barn raisin'—there's no such word as *rasin'* in my dictionary—that's certain—Benny, Benny—there, let that alone!"

The low, running voice suddenly raised itself into an obtrusive tone, which was enforced by a solemn shake of the head, as Mrs. Palmer caught sight of a chubby little hand and arm, which, surreptitiously thrust itself into the great pan on the oak chest, heaped with quarters of denuded quinces.

"Please, mother, jest one little piece!" lisped a sweet, pleading voice, and the mother looked down on a small, sunbrown face, with the brightest pair of black eyes, that were forever dancing with mischief, and a little head whose thick, shining curls made a light wherever it bobbed and nestled.

Mrs. Palmer's face relaxed. "Benny" was her youngest born, and before him there was half a dozen brown and yellow heads, which slept still on pillows which no mother's hand had ever spread—over which no mother's sweet lullaby was ever sung—it was more than Mrs. Palmer could stand—the sight of that face, brown as a berry, with its bright eyes and saucy lips.

"It's the very last piece I shall give you,"

she said, slipping one of the ripest quarters and the ships which lay at anchor unfurled into the fat little hand. "I shouldn't wonder if it should give you the dysentery."

"I ain't afraid of him," answered the boy of three, with a comical look of defiance, meant as a general challenge to all the ills of life.

"Benny, you are the worst boy that I ever did see!" exclaimed the mother, half appalled at the combative spirit of her youngest born; but the look which she intended to be very impressive and solemn, was contended with, and vanquished by another expression, when she caught sight of the little rogue.

He stood there, in such a sturdy, defiant attitude—so full of life and health, it did not seem that any sickness or suffering could ever touch him; as he smacked his red lips over his quince, and the juice ran out of the corners of his mouth.

Mrs. Palmer pursed her pale lips together to hide the smile that was lurking about them; and which would be certain to neutralize, if not utterly subvert her admonitions.

"What do you think you're comin' to, if you go on at this rate?"

"I'm comin' to be a man, bigger than Robert, pretty soon, and then I shall have a horse and go to ride every day, without askin'!"

There was no use now; the smile came, brightening the pale, faded face of the mother; as an hour or two later the last sunlight would the face of the day.

"Well, Benny, I hope that you'll make a good man, like your father," said Mrs. Palmer, feeling that her only resort was an ignoble truce. "Come, now, run off and build a meetin' house, with a great steeple, for father to see when he gets home."

This proposition was at once acted on. The boy started with a shout for his small cart of blocks in the corner; and Mrs. Palmer once more bent herself in eliminating the core of a quince.

She sat in the kitchen of an ample old farm-house, which stood some two miles from the town of New London, in the autumn of the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and seventy-four!

The farm-house was two stories high; the roof was steep in front, and slanted nearly to the ground on one side, after the usual fashion of farm-houses at that time. It had an ample, friendly look, as it stood in the midst of pleasant fields on slightly rising ground.

Two miles away from it was the busy, thriving little town of New London; its wharves swarming with a shrewd, bustling population;

from their mast-heads, in its noble harbor, the flags of almost every nation on the face of the earth.

On the other side of the farm-house of Deacon Palmer, stood the hills which saluted the dawn and parted with the day; and on the south you could see Long Island Sound; sometimes behind a gray wall of fog, which sooner or later was swept away by the golden arms of sunshine; and the white sails of the sloops and schooners on its bosom, seemed like great snowy blossoms opening themselves on the waters.

The year had gone to sleep, and her heart was full of that dream of the tropics—her last and sweetest one—the Indian Summer.

Mrs. Palmer's kitchen windows were all open, and the sunshine filled the low, ample room, like mellow wine; and kindled into beauty or picturesqueness every object on which it rested; the tall old clock that touched the ceiling, the rush-bottomed chairs, the cherry table, and the face and figure of the little woman, who, in her short-gown, and gray skirt, sat diligently paring quinces in the corner.

It was a gentle, motherly face—that which belonged to Mrs. Patience Palmer. Forty-two years had whitened all the fairness of its youth; and the great storms which seven times had thundered over her soul, had left on her face a legible story of patience and suffering; for of the ten children which had been given to Daniel and Patience Palmer, there remained only their two eldest, and their youngest born, and between these there lay seven green little graves.

Deacon Daniel Palmer was an honest, God-fearing man; universally esteemed for his warm heart, and sturdy integrity of character. He was a farmer in comfortable, though not wealthy circumstance.

He had that shrewd intelligence, and practical sagacity, for which the yeomanry of New England were distinguished during the last century, and even among them he was noted for his energy and industry.

He had slipped a little beyond his fiftieth year, but a life of hard toil had already begun to tell somewhat upon the stalwart frame of the farmer.

There were thick seams of gray in his hair; and his limbs were stiff and tired after a day's labor, such as would have been mere play in his youth, and he had a "touch of the rheumatitis," when the ice broke up in the

spring; but the energetic farmer strove hard against these first infirmities of age, and manfully battled the ground, inch by inch, against them.

Benjamin Palmer was placing the last block to a steeple, vastly disproportioned to the edifice, whose pride and ornament it was intended to be; when a shadow fell beyond the door sill, and Mrs. Palmer looked up with a start of surprise.

"Why, father," was her somewhat equivocal welcome; "what has sent you home now! I thought you said it would take you until clear sundown to get that last load of corn in?"

There was a half pleased, half mysterious expression on the face of Deacon Palmer, as he came into the kitchen and seated himself in an arm chair by the table. It was a face rugged and weatherbeaten, but there was a shaggy brows, and the face suited the stalwart limbs; on the whole, Deacon Palmer was a good-looking man for his years.

The farmer took a large bundle from under his right arm, and looked round the kitchen, curiously.

"I didn't expect to get home quite so early, but I had a little matter on hand. Where's Grace, mother?" lowering his voice, and glancing around the kitchen.

"She's up stairs, finishin' off her spinnin', I reckon. But, Daniel, what have you got in that bundle?" laying the half-paired quince in her pan, for Mrs. Palmer's curiosity was now stimulated.

There was a pleasant twinkle in the farmer's gray eyes; he leaned forward a little—

"This is Grace's birth-day, you know, mother?"

"I know it; but I thought likely it had escaped your mind."

"You was mistaken there. I lay up such things where they don't get out very easily; and I thought it would be pleasant to give her a little surprise, like!"

"To be sure, father," assented Mrs. Palmer, with a smile, her curious eyes on the bundle.

"Well, when Bayley, the dry goods merchant, told me that he was going down to New York, week afore last, I asked him to bring me the handsomest caliker he could find in that city, and it's come by stage this afternoon."

"Well, I do declare, father!" exclaimed little Mrs. Palmer, with a smile all over her face. "Do tare open that wrapper. I'm crazy to see it."

Deacon Palmer took up his wife's knife,

severed the cord, and tore away the brown wrappings, and held up the fabric. Over a rich, dark ground were scattered thick bunches of moss roses, the red blossoms just breaking out from the green calyxes, and looking as if the night dews still hung thick upon the blushing petals.

Mrs. Palmer threw up her hands in admiring amazement.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "what a beauty! I never in all my born days set my eyes on anything that come up to that."

"I thought that I could trust to Bayley," answered the pleased husband, satisfied, now

that his wife endorsed the merchant's selection; and he went on while she made a tactile examination of the fabric. "He said the goods came in a ship that got in last week, and this was the handsomest pattern among them. It's the real French. He'd warrant it."

"Anybody'd know that it was, at half a glance. How much did you give for it, father?"

Mrs. Palmer had the instinctive economy of a New England housewife.

"It was a dollar a yard. I wanted to get the very best, you know."

"Well, it looks worth every cent of it. What will Grace say?"

"Call her down, jest as though nothing had happened," said the father.

And the mother went to the foot of the stairs, and called,

"Grace! Grace!"

The low hum of the spinning wheel ceased suddenly in the south chamber, and the little feet, which had been so diligently working the treadles for the last two hours, to sudden breaks of old psalm tunes, or sweet country airs, paused in their work, the wheel stopped its rapid revolutions, and Grace Palmer sat still, with her head leaned a little forward to listen.

It was a head finely shaped, and fairly poised, and the mellow sunshine burnished into gold the great brown coil gathered at its back; the face had a rare combination of delicacy, intelligence, and sweetness; not, in any wise

was it the delicacy which soft and luxurious habits bestow. In the fair young cheeks bloomed the roses that-out door exercise and daily work had planted there; and the full lips had the deep, fresh tint of the scarlet berries, which flamed like a red torch around the small mirror on the mantel. But all the outlines were delicate, and oval; and the eyes, of an intense blue, were full of hidden smiles, and yet they

could settle down into such deep gravity, and

earnestness, that you felt at once there was a lighted girl; "and deep pink is my color, unusual thought and earnestness about the too."

She was not a genius, nor an angel, but a sweet, lovable, and intelligent woman, full of warm and generous impulses, that under the watchful, prayerful culture of her childhood promised to ripen into fixed and Christian principles, instead of developing after their own will, in merely aesthetic directions.

The south chamber, where Grace Palmer sat spinning linen after the custom of the maidens of her day and generation, was her own room, and its two windows, where she passed so many hours, commanded a fine view of pleasant fields and meadows; and the silver sheet of the Sound in the distance. In one corner was the high-post bedstead, with its snowy curtains, and deep fringes, and the two heavily carved arm-chairs, and the great mahogany chest, with its brass handles, which her great grandfather had brought over the waters when he came to plant his roof-tree in the wilderness, completed the furniture of the chamber.

"Grace! Grace!" This time the voice was louder, and hurried, and the girl rose up hastily, glancing at the sun on the sanded floor, and murmuring to herself, "I'm sure it can't be time to get supper for an hour yet," she hurried down to the kitchen.

"Why, you're home early, father," she said, with a little start of surprise, as she entered the room.

"Yes, my child. Have you forgotten that it is your birth-day?"

"Oh, no; but how came you to remember it?"

"Do you think it's a matter of so little consequence to your father, Grace, that he forgot it was nineteen years ago to day, you came to him, the first of his flock."

She looked up in the weatherbeaten face with a smile that was beautiful to see; and then he took the calico dress, which Mrs. Palmer had slipped on one side of him, before Grace's entrance.

"There! daughter, there's a birth-day present of a new gown for you!"

"Oh, father!" the sweet face flushing into a great light and pleasure.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that?" interposed Mrs. Palmer, as her daughter unrolled the fabric, and held a breadth up to her waist.

"Never, mother, never," exclaimed the de-

"It used to be mine," added Mrs. Palmer.

"Yes; I remember the first time that I ever set eyes on you, Patience; you had on a pink gown. It was at the old turnpike tavern; and we had a dance, and a supper there; and I thought you beat all the other girls hollow."

"Oh, Daniel, it's too late to talk about them days now!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, but her

faded face flushed with pleasure at her husband's praise, into something of the lost fairness of its youth."

"Oh, it is lovely!" exclaimed Grace, plaiting up a breadth of the dress, and walking back and forth, and drawing a long sigh of satisfaction; "and it'll be such a beauty to wear to the husking party next Wednesday night."

"I expect you'll outshine all the other girls," added Deacon Palmer, with the smile which always made a pleasant light on the weather-beaten face.

"Now, father, don't make her vain, don't," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, in a slightly deprecatory tone.

"Nonsense, mother, she's got too good sense to be that. Come, daughter, go down stairs now, and draw me a pitcher of that new cider to pay for your new dress."

Grace rolled up the calico with alacrity, and soon returned from the cellar with a large yellow pitcher filled with the amber liquid.

Deacon Palmer blew off the crest of foam on the top, and pouring out a glass of the cider, turned to his daughter, saying,

"Here's to your birth-day, Grace;" and then, that deep and fervent piety, which was with the old farmer a living faith, underlying his whole life, broke forth in his solemn "The Lord God of your fathers, my daughter, give you returns of this birth-day, until they shall reach down to a good old age, and fill them with peace and blessings, and make the light of His countenance to shine upon you and keep you."

The tears came into the blue eyes of Grace Palmer. With a sudden impulse she threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed his brown cheek, with her bright lips. This was something very unusual, for demonstrative affection was in Deacon Palmer's household, as in most Puritan families, a thing little known. Its channels ran deep, and broad as life itself, but they seldom swept up to the surface. Deacon Palmer drank his cider in silence, and his

wife rose at last and shook her quince skins into the empty basket.

"Be spry now, and fold up your dress, Grace," said the bustling little woman; "it's high time we had the tea-kettle on; and I want to make Johnny-cake for tea. It always sets so nice with cold ham."

"So it does, mother. I'll go and attend to the cattle now, and you may count on my bringin' back an alarmin' appetite to supper. That are cider's up to the mark, this time!" smacking his lips over a second glass, and then hurrying out to the barn.

But a voice which had been quiet for an unparalleled period, and whose owner had finally succeeded in establishing the last block on a steeple which was raised with very small regard to its centre of gravity, now suddenly called out,

"Papa, mayn't I go down and see the white calf and the oxen?"

Deacon Palmer turned round, and saw the shining head standing like a picture in the brown frame-work of the kitchen door.

"Papa's little man! To be sure, he may go!" turning back, and catching up his youngest born, and setting him on his shoulder, where the child crowded with delight.

Half an hour later, as the setting sun poured its crimson flames into the kitchen, where Grace Palmer was just spreading over the cherry table a snowy cloth, which her mother's hands had spun before her remembrance, Mrs. Palmer's voice suddenly called from the pantry—

"Grace, do take the sprinkler, and go down and wet that linen I've spread out to bleach at the fence by the currant-bushes; I want it to have another good sprinklin' afore dark."

The garden was fenced off from the main road by a thick line of currant-bushes. There was but little travelling on that road, and Grace did not hear the sound of carriage-wheels in the soft sand until they were close upon her. She did not suspect, either, what a picture she made, in her brown gingham dress, and the little bit of white ruffling around her neck, with the great watering-pot in her hand, as she turned hastily, and confronted the carriage.

She recognized the elder inmate at once, as he lifted his hat to her, for Parson Willets was a gentleman of the old school, and a representative type of the old Puritan minister. He was a man of dignified and venerable aspect, of stately presence and manners, and his head was white as the snows of the seventy winters

of his life. He was regarded with that peculiar awe and affection which his office always

inspired in the hearts of a people whose life

was shaped and colored by their religious

faith and experience—a people with whom this

was no sentiment, no aesthetic emotion, but a

living, sublime reality, underlying and inter-

penetrating all others with its lofty claims, its

hopes and fears, that beyond reached far out

from time, and took hold on eternity—a

religion which accepted no compromise, and

shrank at no sacrifice, but demanded purity

and holiness in every thought and deed, and

met all the joys and sorrows of life, all its

doubts, and mysteries, and dread, with its

"Thus saith the Lord."

By the side of Parson Willets sat his nephew, a young man of twenty-five, who had graduated at Yale College that year, and he was now on a visit to his uncle.

The roses widened in the cheeks of Grace Palmer, as she caught a pair of very dark eyes bent with surprise on her face, and the young gentleman lifted his cap after the grave fashion of the time.

"Well, that is the sweetest face I've looked on for a long time," said the young gentleman, as the carriage rolled on. "Whose was it, Uncle Jeremiah?"

"Her name is Grace Palmer, Edward," said the old clergyman. "She is an extremely well-favored young woman, modest, intelligent, and well-bred, the daughter of my oldest deacon."

"One would know she was all that, with the first glance at her face, Uncle Jeremiah. You must take me round to your deacon's before I leave."

A shrewd smile lighted up the grave features of the gray-haired old clergyman, as he looked down on his nephew. Parson Willets had a reputation throughout the state for the soundness of his theological tenets, and the weight of his polemical discourses; but, notwithstanding his controversial tendency, and extreme orthodoxy, a heart full of warm and living sympathies throbbed beneath them, and, looking on his nephew, a wind blew up softly from the land of his youth.

"I intended to call there on some church business, before the week was out."

"Just the right opportunity for me," laughed the young man. "You shall talk with the deacon, Uncle, and of course, there'll be nothing left for me, but to converse with the daughter."

"I don't see that there will;" and the minister thought, though he did not say it—"I was young once, myself;" and he spurred up the small, lazy nag, which he drove.

Grace Palmer went up to the house with the dark eyes so bright in her memory, that the roses were still wide in her cheeks. Before she had reached the door-stone, however, a hand was laid suddenly on her shoulder. She turned with a little start, but no shriek, for Grace was too healthful and active to be very nervous.

"Oh, Robert, that is just like you."

The girl looked into a bright, spirited young face, tanned to a deep brown, the forehead half hidden by a mass of crisp, dark hair.

"What have you been up to this afternoon?" "Come down to the gate with me, and I'll show you."

"I can't; there's the supper to get."

"Oh, it won't take you half a minute. Come, now, sis;" and he slipped his arm about her waist, and hurried her half-reluctant to the gate.

"Haven't I had good-luck this afternoon?" pointing to a peck of chestnuts, which piled up a basket at the gate.

"Oh, yes! Why, Robert, have you got these since school?" slipping her hand among the great, brown nuts.

"Every one. They're thick as berries this year, and the frost we had night before last, has tumbled them out of their burs."

"We'll boil them this very night—Why, grandma, how in the world!"

This sudden ejaculation was occasioned by the appearance of a very old woman, leaning on a staff, and wearing a linsey-woolsey gown, who suddenly appeared on the lane close at their right hand."

"How do you do, children, she panted, as she slowly drew up to them. No wonder you look struck on seein' me; but the truth is, I thought this Injin Summer would be the last chance that I should have to put my face inside your door this year; for, you may depend, there's cold and storm enough, lies just beyond the pleasant weather."

"Well, grandma, we're all real glad to see you. Come right up to the house," adapting her light, swift steps, to the slow, hobbling ones of the old woman.

Mrs. Comfort Palmer was the deacon's mother, and her life had toiled past its eightieth year, and the long perspective of its memory swept through many of the great tragedies which fill the early history of the Colonies.

She had passed a score of years on the fron-

tiers, when the white settlements were constantly invaded by the savages; and she had lived in that long terror of the war-whoop and the scalping-knife, which haunted the early settlers of our country.

She had seen the homes of her neighbors wrapped in flames, and heard their death-shrieks filling the still, midnight air; and, forty years before, her husband had been laid dead at her feet, killed in a skirmish with the savages.

So, the deep wrinkles on her face had not all been worn there by her years; and yet the old woman had kept her strong, brave heart to the end; and now, bowed with the weight of her four-score years, was waiting at the west windows of her life, for the voice of the God of her youth.

Mrs. Comfort Palmer found a hearty welcome from the whole household of her son. She was soon ensconced by the warmest corner of the kitchen fire-place, and, after the greetings were over, and the brown hood and shawl removed, Grace's mother said to her—

"Go and get your new dress, and show it to grandma, Grace."

The old woman put on her iron-bowed spectacles, and peered with her dim eyes at the calico which her grand-daughter placed on her lap.

"It's handsome as a pictur, Grace. You must lay it by for your weddin' dress. I would n't think of wearin' it afore that time."

"Goodness, grandma!" exclaimed the girl, with a little flush, and a toss of her bright head—"I should n't think of being married in anything less than silk."

"Ah, dear me!" sighed the old woman, "the vanity of these times is enough to make one tremble. When I was a gal, a caliker gown was thought good enough to be married in, and gals was proud enough to go in linsey-woolsey to a singin' school or a huskin'; but now, nothin' short o' foreign goods will do; and, as for standin' up to be married in the gown their own hands had spun, as the best on 'em was proud to, in my day, you don't hear on't. This world's got to a dreadful pass! I sometimes think the end's nigher than we know on!" and the old woman shook her head and looked solemn and significant into the golden coils of flame which were darting about the fore-stick.

"Oh, well, mother," interposed Deacon Palmer, with his shrewd common sense, as he sat with Benjamin perched on his knee, his black, saucy eyes curiously inspecting his

grandmother, "you know matters have changed a great deal since you was a young woman," "sojourners in a strange land," had passed and some for the better, that's sartin. It is n't best to conclude the world's grown any worse 'cause it's got older. Some things grow better by keepin', jest like yourself."

A smile smoothed some of the wrinkles in the withered face, for this delicate compliment of her son's went very far towards reconciling the old woman to the present order of affairs.

"Grandma, you wasn't ever a young woman, was you?" exclaimed Benjamin, slipping off his father's knee at this juncture, and running over to his grandmother, and staring her in the face.

"Yes, you little spiled child, I was once," answered the old woman, placing her withered hand fondly on the bright young head.

"Come, all hands;" supper's ready! exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, as she placed a smoking Johnny-cake where it was flanked with cold ham, and tempting crullers, and honey, and delicious rye bread, and fresh butter; and, a moment later, the shining gray hairs, and the shining golden ones, were alike bowed, as Deacon Palmer thanked God for the night which had gathered them all in peace and gladness around the board He had spread for them once more.

#### CHAPTER II.

And, in that autumn of seventeen hundred and seventy-four, how many families, like that of Deacon Palmer, sat in peace under their own vine and fig tree, in the fair young land of America!

My pen loves to dwell upon that time, before God's hand opened before them the awful tragedies of the Revolution—before those fair fields and pleasant homes were darkened by the blast of war, which, with the birds of the next spring, swept through all the land.

For twelve years, since the close of the Pontiac war, with all its horrors, there had been peace throughout the Colonies. Those twelve years had been a blessed season of peace and growth and development to the young land, which was so soon to take her proud place amid the nations of the earth. Our fathers had planted and sown, and gathered in their goodly harvests, and our mothers had spun their linen to sweet psalm tunes. Stately grew their sons,

and fair their daughters, about them, in the beautiful land of their adoption. The tenderness for the "mother country," the yearning for the hawthorn hedges, and the morning lark songs, which distinguished the early pio-

neers, and gave them somewhat the feeling of earth—here were the homes they had reared, and the altars where they worshiped God according to their free consciences. Here, on many a green hill-side, were the graves watered by their tears, and under which slept the dear forms they had laid there in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal. Oh, was it strange that our fathers and our mothers loved their country with a love which was mightier than life? Had not her deserts rejoiced at their coming, and her wildernesses blossomed as the rose before their toil? Was it strange they answered with one heart at her summons, and for her sake "slaked the grass of Lexington, and reddened the snows of Valley Forge with their blood."

A prayerful and a God-fearing people, beyond any which the world had ever seen—in many respects, the best and the noblest men and women the sun had ever shone on, they went through that long and fiery path of the seven years' war with a courage that never faltered, and a faith in the final triumph of their cause, which lifted them into a sublime heroism of endurance and self-sacrifice.

And that last bloodless autumn walked smiling over the land, dropping its goodly harvests in every granary, shaking its golden fruits on the green lap of the rejoicing earth, as a decade of autumns had done before.

One loves to think of them all—of those pleasant ten years, with the hum of the spinning-wheels in all the peaceful homes, and the click of the sweep in all the green fields—of the huskings, and the quiltings, the dances and the sleighings, and, best of all, the prayer meetings and the Sabbath days.

We seem to see the old firesides, and the glow of the hickory flames fill the low rooms with a crimson light, richer and more picturesque than the tropics, where, in the long winter evenings, they knit stockings, and cracked nuts, and drank cider, and told their children those fearful tales of the savage wars on the frontiers, which filled every home with a shudder.

They saw it all—the awful war-whoop burst suddenly on the stillness of the midnight, the rush of the painted savages, the glare of the flames, as they crackled along the little settlements; and the mother woke from sleep,

and clasped her frightened babe with a last cry, to her heart, and the father seized his musket; but, the next moment the door was burst open, there was a wild flash of the tomahawk, and —

The next morning's sun looked down, and where last it had shone upon pleasant little dwellings in the midst of waving corn-fields, there was a heap of blackened rafters, and the strong man, and the mother, with her sweet lullaby, and the smiling little child, lay white and ghastly among them.

And they lived over all these tragedies in the stories they told by their peaceful firesides, and the little children grew pale as they listened, before the Revolution.

"The front room's all lighted up. I wonder if we've got company," exclaimed Grace Palmer to herself, as she turned from the lane into the road which led past her house, a few evenings after her birth-day.

It had only been dark about an hour; and she was returning from a neighbor's, who had just arrived from Hartford; and Grace had run over after tea, to see if she had brought any new fashions with her; for she intended to commence on her calico dress the next day.

The young girl hurried along the road, her eyes fastened on the light which streamed from the "best room" of the farm-house, and which was only opened for distinguished guests, and on state occasions. She went softly round the back path to the kitchen door, intending to reconnoitre a little. She was met there by her brother.

"Oh, Grace, mother's just sent me to hunt you up. Who do you think has come?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Anybody I shall have to see?" complacently reflecting that she

had on her Scotch gingham dress, with its pretty red plaid, and a black silk apron, which suited it so nicely; for Grace Palmer was only nineteen, with thoroughly feminine tastes and feelings.

"It's Parson Willets, and his nephew, just from Yale College. You needn't feel flustered," for Grace threw off her sun-bonnet, in a startled way, which made her brother think she needed reassuring.

In a moment the rumpled hair was smoothed before the kitchen mirror, and Grace went into the "best room." She had been walking rapidly, and perhaps that was the reason why there was an unusual bloom on her cheeks, a little heightened by the red plaid dress.

The parlor was a large, wide room, and was furnished with more pretension to gentility,

than most of the "best rooms" of farm-houses at that period. For instance, there was a carpet on the floor, in red and yellow stripes, which Mrs. Palmer had woven herself; there was an old stuffed mahogany lounge, which

had been sent to Mrs. Palmer's mother by her sister in England, and the sides and back were studded thick with bright brass nails; there was also a small mahogany bookcase, with glass doors, and inside of this a considerable library for that period. There was Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*, moral and divine, in blue binding. There was Rollin's *Ancient History*, in brown; and next to this, in unpretending gray covers, was the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that wonderful prose poem, which was like some subtle alchemy transmuting the stern, practical life of our Puritan fathers into warm, rich colors, striking out in pictures that their hearts recognized the great tragedies of human life, its struggles, its defeats, its triumphs, and making of everyday's toil and trials, its sorrows and joys, milestones along that mysterious journey, over which watched an innumerable company of witnesses; the serene, loving gaze of the angels; the fiery and hateful one of evil spirits, "seeking to devour."

The principal furniture of the room was completed by two arm-chairs, cushioned with flaming chintz patterns, and a table with a woolen cover, daintily embroidered with green leaves, and purple clusters, by Grace's own hands

Parson Willets had always a warm greeting for the deacon's pretty daughter; and after it was over, he introduced her, in his kind, but stately fashion, to his young nephew, Edward Dudley, who had just left college.

Grace was a little embarrassed as the young gentleman led her to a chair; for he was, in all respects, far above the honest, plain young farmers of the neighborhood. But Grace Palmer was a simple, natural, sensible girl, without any arts and affectations; moreover her well poised mind, and industrious habits, kept her from all those morbid fancies, and feverish imaginary dreams and visions of an impossible future. Her moral and mental nature had been enervated by few of the golden visions in which fashionable young ladies of the present day indulge.

She could not play the piano nor speak French, but she had studied Latin for two years, and could read Virgil; she had read Rollin's and other Histories, and never left a book until she mastered it. Then she had with her bright intelligence, that natural grace of movement

and manner, which we call "lady-like." The young graduate and the deacon's daughter fell at once into a brisk conversation.

It was pleasant to watch the bright, earnest look in Grace Palmer's blue eyes—a pleasant thing to hear the laugh which leaped out of her lips at some sally of her companion's. Edward Dudley, although he was naturally of a grave and studious turn, had a vein of wit which made him a very amusing companion.

Parson Willets and Deacon Palmer had finished up the "church business," while his wife "toed off" a child's stocking, and "snuffed" the candles, in the two shining brass candlesticks on the table. Then their talk went a little while into ordinary channels; on the prosperity of the town, the crops for that year; and at length it took up the topic which was now become the principal one by every fireside, and among every circle which gathered together at the corners of the streets, with anxious, thoughtful faces, throughout the land that autumn.

"Our Congress keeps together a long time, down there in Philadelphia, Parson Willets," said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," subjoined Parson Willets, settling himself back in the chintz cushioned chair. "They've got business on hand which can't be done up in a day. The liberties and the happiness of three millions of people depend on their decisions; and it's a time to be slow, and wise when one thinks of this."

"That's a fact, Parson Willets," responded Deacon Palmer, shaking his head. "Things look dark enough for our country just now."

"Dark enough, sir; dark enough. We need a double measure of faith to carry us through this time of wrong and injustice, in the high places in the earth."

"That's true, parson. If the Lord don't come up to our help against the mighty. He only knows what is to become of us. We've sent petition, memorial, and remonstrance to King, and Parliament, and Commons, without avail. They seem bent on depriving us of our rights. Look, sir, at their closing the port of Boston, and filling her harbor with ships of war, and quarterin' her troops on the inhabitants; it makes my blood bile to think of it."

"Father, father! don't now," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, for the deacon had got excited, and brought his hand down on the table in a most belligerent fashion, for so peaceable a man.

"Let him speak out, Mrs. Palmer," inter-

posed Parson Willets. "It's no time for us to keep crying peace, when there is no peace. Deacon Palmer, you speak the truth. We can never submit to it; to see our rights as free-men—our rights as British subjects—our charter'd rights, taken from us; our men torn from the country to be tried in foreign courts; a standing army quartered upon us—Parliament imposing taxes without the consent of our legislatures, to get a revenue out of us—I repeat, sir, we are not a race of slaves to submit to these things!"

The fire of his youth glowed in the eyes of Parson Willets now. The calm face burned with indignation as he recounted the wrongs of his countrymen; and the candle light flickered and danced in his snowy hair.

"We've tried every means to reach them, but it's failed. We've refused to take their manufactures, and distressed their trade, but Lord North, like George Grenville afore him, seems bent on carryin' this taxation bill through, and forcin' our rights from us."

"Precisely so, Deacon Palmer. My hopes are all centered in this Congress now. It was a blessed day for our country, when the Virginia legislature met in the 'old Raleigh tavern,' and denounced the Boston port bill, and devised the plan of this Congress, which all the other colonies so cordially endorsed.

"Virginia, sir, has espoused the cause of her sister colony, Massachusetts, as though the act which left the ships of Boston rotting at its wharves, and the grass growing in its pleasant streets, had been a blow aimed right at her own heart. God remember it of the noble old province, and give strength and prosperity to her future!"

"Amen!" said Deacon Palmer, fervently. "Massachusetts will not soon forget the debt of gratitude which she owes Virginia. Our only hope and strength is in *Union*, and a blow aimed at one of our Colonies, is a blow aimed at the very life of all."

"That is true," interpolated Edward Dudley, who had listened with intense feeling to every word of the conversation, between his uncle and the deacon, his lips compressed, and his whole face kindled with feeling, which showed how near the matter lay to his heart.

"But, Uncle Jeremiah, supposing the British government is resolved on violating our rights as her subjects; suppose that her Parliament, as hitherto, will treat our remonstrances with contempt, deprive us of all our liberties, continue on its course of high-handed injustice; bent on crushing us, till, as Lord North says,

"America is prostrate at her feet!" What in this case are the British Colonies to do?"

The old clergyman rose up from his chair. His tall, thin figure seemed to expand beyond its usual altitude in the low parlor; a great light flashed out from the thin, fine old face, and the candle-light flamed among his gray hairs. His hearers gazed on him in breathless silence.

"Then, there is but one last thing to be done," said the solemn voice of Parson Willets. "Let every man in the British Colonies take his musket on his shoulder and go out and fight for his home, for his rights, for his children, for all that a man holds dearer to him than his life—let him fight until there is not a man left in all the colonies of British America to witness her shame and degradation; fight until all our wives are left widows, and our children fatherless. The fair vine which our fathers planted, and under whose blessed shadows we have eaten our bread, and worshiped our God in peace, shall have its roots watered with our best blood, before we will see it fall; and may the God of battles—the God whose right arm piled up into a mighty wall the waters of the Red Sea, and led Israel through the deep, be on our side, and give us the victory!"

The old man and the young, the mother and the daughter, caught the spirit of patriotic sacrifice which glowed on the lips of the old minister. The candle-light shone on pale faces, sublimated into intense, but not demonstrative enthusiasm.

Edward Dudley spoke first. "When the time comes we'll be ready, uncle. There isn't a man among my classmates at Yale, who wouldn't buckle on his sword, or shoulder his musket, to-morrow, and lay down his life for his country. George the Third and his Parliament will yet find that he's got freemen to deal with."

"I've got three boys in Heaven, I humbly trust, and two on earth, Parson Willets," said Deacon Palmer; "and if the five stood young men, the staff of my old age, before me to-day, I'd send 'em every one, with my blessin', to fight for their country."

"And I'd bid 'em God speed, Daniel," said Mrs. Palmer; and the stocking lay in her lap, and her faded eyes flashed through her tears.

"And you and I would stay at home, mother, and spin the clothes, and heat up the lead, and mould it into bullets," added Grace Palmer.

And this was the spirit of our fathers and our mothers.

"England will encounter a resistance she little expects from her colonies, if the time comes when she pours her huge, well disciplined armies down on us," said Parson Willets, as he resumed his seat.

"Yes; but her armies will meet a foe that's used to warfare," interposed the deacon. "We could have managed that old Indian war on the frontier better without 'em, than we did

with 'em. Look at that army of Braddock's, and what became of it. Cut up, sir, cut up; and put to rout by an ambuscade of savages; when if the general had taken the advice of his young aid-de-camp, George Washington, they'd have taken Fort Du Quesne afore the sun went down, and likely enough without strikin' a single blow."

"Certainly they would," added the clergyman. "That Indian war taught us one good lesson—that whatever British troops might do on their own soil, they weren't invincible on ours. They're not used to fighting in a new country, and there are plenty of noble fellows lying in their graves to-day, who'd have been above ground this hour, if they'd only have had provincial officers to lead them in that campaign. The British officers are wedded to their old military forms and systems, and those are not the things for a new country like ours."

"That's true as the Gospel, parson. It was outrageous, the way that war was carried on, twenty years ago, on the frontier. It might have been put an end to in half the time, if the British commanders hadn't been so obstinate, and held the provincials in such contempt."

Just then, the ancient clock in the kitchen struck nine. It at once put an end to the conversation, which had been carried on for the last hour and a half, with such earnestness by the deacon and his guests.

"Robert," said the farmer, "you run down cellar and draw a pitcher of cider, and I'll go to the orchard and get a basket of seek-no-further's. They've done finely this year, parson."

"It's chilly to-night, father, and you'd better put on your great-coat, if you're going down into the orchard, for I'm afraid you'll get another attack of rheumatis in your back," said Mrs. Palmer, as she paused on the way to the kitchen, for a loaf of her raised cake.

"Oh, let me go down to the orchard, father!" exclaimed Grace, springing up. "I like to gather apples."

"Yes; but you can't shake the tree," said the deacon.

"I'll volunteer to do that part," exclaimed Edward, presenting himself at Grace's side. "Will you allow me to accompany you, Miss Palmer?"

Of course Grace had no serious objections to this arrangement, and she was quite too natural and truthful to affect any; so her mother gave her a small wicker basket, and she wrapped a shawl about her head, and went out of the back door with Edward Dudley.

"Let me have the basket—please," and Grace resigned it into his hands.

It was a beautiful autumn night. The earth lay in a silver lake of moonlight, that softened and idealized every object; the trees wore the red and yellow rufflings of the late autumn, and even the old brown barn, past which the road to the orchard lay, looked pleasant and picturesque in the sheet of moonlight.

"We shall have to let down the bars," said Grace, as they reached a corn field, beyond which lay the orchard.

"Oh, no. I can assist you over; the bars are not high."

Grace looked rueful enough at the idea of exhibiting her agility before a young gentleman who had graduated at Yale College, and was the minister's nephew; but the next moment she was seized lightly about the waist, and before she had time to remonstrate, she was gently deposited on the other side of the bars, and her companion vaulted lightly over, and was by her side.

"Well, Mr. Dudley, I wouldn't have believed any mortal could have done that so quick," exclaimed Grace, only half recovered from her surprise.

"Wouldn't you, Miss Palmer?" laughed the gentleman. "Oh, I can give you stronger proofs of my agility than that;" and from this time their talk went on in a half grave, half playful fashion, until they reached the orchard, where "greenin's," and "sheep-noses," and "russets," lay thick in the brown grass.

The orchard was on a slight elevation, and the Sound lay in the distance before them, like a great shining sea, with the white sails of the sloops and schooners blossoming out of the mists in the distance. They stood still a moment, looking at it in admiration which found no voice nor words; and then Grace led the way to the old tree in the centre of the orchard.

"The birds have built their nests in its branches more springs than my father can remember," said the bright, sweet voice, sounding doubly so in the stillness and moonlight. "They are the best apples in the orchard."

"It's a fine old tree; and could give us a good many histories and biographies, if it could only speak," said the young man, standing still a moment, and surveying the gnarled old tree, which bore its years so bravely, and covered its old brown limbs every spring with a white roof of blossoms. "I like old things."

"So do I," responded Grace, with a bright, pleased glance. "Somehow I have an especial veneration and affection for this tree; and every spring I watch with peculiar interest for the first dark ruffling of leaves on these brown old branches; and they always seem like a new written poem to me; or, at least, to write the poetry to the old tree which is in my heart, but which I can't write."

"What a sweet, quaint fancy!" thought the young man; but he did not speak it, he only said, "don't you write poetry, Miss Palmer?"

"I—oh, no," answered Grace, with a look of surprise. "I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, except—"correcting herself, for she was rigidly truthful—"when I was a little girl, and wrote compositions at school."

"You speak it then, without writing it."

Grace did not do Edward Dudley exactly justice, when she thought that this remark was merely a graceful compliment; for the young man had only expressed his sincere conviction in his speech. She bent down and searched among the shadows knotted with moonlight; but she and her companion did not find more than half a dozen apples on the ground; the red fruit gleaming like great carbuncle goblets in the grass.

"Robert has had some school-friends here this afternoon; that explains why there are so few apples on the ground. We shall have to shake the tree, Mr. Dudley."

He took hold of the trunk. "You must get out of the range of the apples, Miss Palmer."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I like to see them come tumbling down," said the girl, standing under the outside limbs.

The next moment the great branches of the old tree shook to and fro. A shower of the ripe fruit flashed like red blossoms through the air, and tumbled heavily on the grass.

In the midst of it, Edward Dudley heard a cry from Grace, and she dropped on her knees, with her hand to her head. She had paid a dear price for her aesthetic enjoyment of the apples; one of the largest had struck her on the side of her head.

Edward Dudley was by her side in a moment. "Are you hurt?" he asked, with much concern.

"Oh, dear! it seems as though that apple must have broken my head open!" with her hand pressed hard against it, to stifle the pain.

"It is too bad; I ought not to have allowed you to stand there. Can I do nothing to relieve you?"

"Nothing, thank you. It's all my fault; the pain will be gone in a moment;" and she tried to smile, as she lifted up her face to him.

It looked very sweet and child-like, there in the moonlight, under the apple-tree; and the tears, which the pain had forced there, shone bright in the blue eyes of Grace Palmer.

The beauty and the tears stirred the heart of the minister's nephew, as it had never been stirred before. It was very rude in him, and I can only offer in his defence a plea which by no means excuses him, that he did not exactly know what he was about; but he bent down, and kissed, with tender reverence, the rose in the cheek of Grace Palmer.

She was on her feet in an instant, all sense of pain lost in the mingled surprise, confusion, and indignation which took possession of her. The latter soon got the mastery.

"Mr. Dudley," said the deacon's daughter, with the dignity of an insulted princess, "how dared you do so? I am not accustomed to have gentlemen treat me in that manner."

"I'm sorry," faltered the young man, fairly aghast at his boldness—"I didn't intend to, Miss Palmer, but," and here there came a twinkle in the brown eyes, "a girl has no business to look so pretty that a fellow can't help kissing her, and then be very hard on him for it."

The indignation in Grace's face abated slightly.

"I would not have believed that you, a minister's nephew, would have done so rude a thing," she said, in a tone of solemn admonition which would have suited her grandmother.

"I didn't know but minister's nephews had as good a right to kiss pretty girls as other kinds of nephews, if you put it on that ground."

Grace caught the glance of covert amusement which accompanied this remark. She tried to preserve her dignity, but the dimples about her lips betrayed her, and, quite amazed at her own indiscretion, she heard her laugh joining in with Edward Dudley's, and filling the still night with a peal of mirth.

"They'll wonder what has become of us," she said, setting herself diligently about filling

the basket, in which her companion rendered assiduous service, after stopping to inquire—

"How is your head now?"

"Better, thank you; the pain is nearly gone."

They returned to the house silently. Just when they reached the kitchen door, the young man turned suddenly to the girl.

"You will forgive me?" he said, "I did not mean to be rude to you."

"I ought not to, Mr. Dudley," said Grace; and Edward Dudley seemed not only satisfied with this ungracious forgiveness, but looked as though he was half tempted to repeat his offence.

"I think you must have found it hard work to shake that tree, Mr. Dudley," said the deacon, with some solicitude, when his daughter and her guest entered the parlor.

"It's quite a walk down to the orchard, father," said Grace, and the hue of her cheeks rivalled the red of the apples.

"Have you ever been in New London before, Mr. Dudley?" asked the deacon, as he poured a glass of sweet cider for his guest.

"Never, sir; but I have promised Uncle Jeremiah this visit ever since I was a little boy."

"Going to stay a little while, then?" with that kindly sort of curiosity, which generous natures are apt to feel for those with whom they are brought in contact.

"My stay is somewhat indefinite. I am engaged on a matter of some surveying, which will keep me in this part of the state for awhile."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Palmer, who presented a tempting loaf of "raised cake" to her guests, with many apologies that it was not fit to offer, owing to her not having had "good luck" with the yeast that week. The young man, however, did full justice to the ample slice which filled his plate.

The cider, the cake, and the apples, received from the guests the amount of praise which they well merited, and then the household knelt down, and the minister commended its inmates to the Love and Care which kept their brooding watch over it by night and by day.

And then, with a heart kindling into fervid eloquence, he prayed for his country—that God would work out for her a speedy and sure deliverance—that the oppressor in high places should not prevail against her—that He would rise up to her help against the mighty, and that the land which had been consecrated as no other land had ever been, to His service—

whose first altars had been reared in His name, might rise to glory and honor amid the nations—that wisdom might be given to her rulers, to lay broad the foundations of her government, in justice and righteousness—and that concord, sweet and eternal, might reign through all her Colonies—that the pulse of each should beat to one heart of common brotherhood; and that the men and women of these Colonies should be true to their God and their country; and if they were called, for her sake, to pass through fiery trials, that they might rise to sublime heights of self-sacrifice and devotion, giving up life, and all things dearer than life, for her honor—and that they might bequeath to their children a land free and honored—a land of whom it should be said, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord!"

And who shall dare to question that prayers like these did not bring their reward—that the triumph of the Revolution, and the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed us, was not the blessed ANSWER of a God who giveth not by measure unto those who seek Him?

The guests were all gone, the lights were extinguished in the parlor, and Grace had just placed the pile of soiled dishes on the kitchen table, when her brother sidled up to her with a roguish laugh in his eyes.

"Grace," he whispered, "didn't your long est apple-skin twist into a 'D' to-night?"

"Nonsense, Robert;" with a toss of the head, which had a restless, wavering habit, like that of lilies, on slender stems, in deep currents of water. "Always talking about things that you don't understand. Take this light, and go straight to bed."

"Yes, my son; it's very late. Go to bed—go to bed," added his father.

"Seems to me this butter never *will* come!" exclaimed Grace Palmer, as she lifted the churn-cover for the sixth time, and saw the lumps of concreted cream floating in a sea of yellow liquid; and once more she lifted the churn-handle, and swept the dasher up and down.

It was still early in the October morning; her fair cheeks were flushed with the rapid exercise, and the small, round arms, were bare above the elbows. She looked like a picture, whose unstudied grace an artist would have rejoiced in, as she sat on the low stool, working the churn.

"Why won't it come, Grace?" asked Benjamin, coming out of the corner, where he had

been engrossed in a picture of Daniel in the lions' den, which his grandmother had brought him.

"I don't know, Benny, unless it's because that I've set my heart on finishing my new dress to-day. Stand out of sister's light, there's a good boy."

"I know what'll make it come; grandma told me. Sing the song about the butter-cake!"

Grace smiled indulgently on the little rogue, who always had eyes and ears for everything which was going on, and she struck up a simple air, to the incantation with which our foremothers used often, when little girls, to beguile the "butter into coming."

"Come, butter, come!  
Elijah's at the gate,  
Waiting for the butter-cake—  
Come, butter-cake!"

Benjamin stood still for awhile, enjoying the song and the motion. At last, however, he ran off; and, although Grace had no faith in the incantatory powers of the rhyme over the cream, she was very glad to find, on her next inspection of it, that it had congealed.

At that moment, she caught Benjamin's voice, exclaiming in loud, earnest tones—

"Come this way—I'll show you where she is." And, looking up, she saw Mr. Dudley standing in the low kitchen doorway, piloted there with marked satisfaction by Benjamin.

Poor Grace! there was no help for it now. She thought of her homespun dress, her bare arms and unbraided hair, and tried to stammer out an apology, as she rose up, with the roses glowing wide in her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon for coming at this early hour, in this informal manner," said Edward Dudley, "but I am going down the coast to-day, and shall be back to-morrow night; so I stopped to inquire whether, in default of better company, you will permit me to accompany you to singing school at the brown schoolhouse to-morrow night. I believe they propose to go to old Mill Tavern afterwards.

"Thank you, Mr. Dudley. I shall be happy to go. Will you walk in?"

Grace managed to accomplish this speech with tolerable composure.

"No, thank you; I neglected to secure my horse at the gate, and he may be in a migratory frame of mind. If I could accept your invitation, however, I should plead hard for permission to relieve you at that churn; for I'm a veteran at the business, as I churned butter for my mother when my head was no

higher than this one;" stroking Benjamin's crisp curls.

"Good morning, Miss Palmer."

"Good morning, Mr. Dudley."

"Oh, Benny, I never had such a mind to give you a good spanking in all my life!" exclaimed Grace, as she turned back into the kitchen, and looked down ruefully at her dress.

"Why, what has the child done now?" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, entering from the garden, where she had just spread some peppers to dry.

"Mr. Dudley has just gone from here, you see. He called to invite me to the singing school to-morrow night, and don't you think, Benjamin brought him round to the kitchen door, and displayed me in this plight?"

"Wall, he asked me where you was," dimly comprehending his mistake, and very little regretting it.

"You knew better, you naughty boy," shaking her hand threateningly at him, whereupon he disappeared at the back door, and was soon engaged in chasing the chickens.

"Never mind, Grace—never mind," said her mother, consolingly—"no young man's going to think less of a girl, if he is a scholar, because he finds her up bright and early in the morning, and smart at work. I've heard your Grandmother Warren say that often, in my day."

With which consoling reflection Grace was obliged to betake herself once more to her churn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Christmas.

The following is from the pen of George D. Prentiss:—

The Christmas tree rises out of the snow. The wonderful blossoms that flush the boughs of memory forever, and whose fragrance comes into the heart "far down the solemn haunt of years," are born of December. But they have their sunshine from the diviner tropics. And, better than any roses are the tender flowers of the world-home festival; there may be ice in June, but there is no frost in the heart of Christmas.

Christmas is the world's best and sweetest holiday—when all nations and all religions feel the great, warm touch of nature, and are akin; when every heart has a sweet right to be joyous in its dearest way; when every church is decorated with green thoughts, fresh and revivifying, in the boughs of evergreen that wreath the pulpit and the altar; when

every house is a human being, alive with tenderness, and the sweet gladnesses that then, more than at any other time, make "no place like home;" and when every home is as blest with "religious light" as a cathedral; when every window is a radiant prophecy to passing eyes of love, and the warm household of content within; when every child clasps the knees of a mother, and all men and women take leave from years and care, to welcome the children that were themselves lost "in the wood" of the Past, having found them in their dreaming bosoms again.

Christ, whose birth-day the world keeps sacred with its sweetest rites, took some anonymous children upon his knees, and kissed them, with his blessing, and spoke the words that are the Christmas text of all most Christian sermons—"Except ye be as one of these, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." We have wondered with what sweet surprise, and yet strange confidence, those nameless children looked up into the gentle face that has conquered the world with patience and tenderness. We wonder, too, whose little eyes they were, and whether they did not remember those divine knees through all their dreams afterwards—as you, little Maggie, and Bessie, and Willie, and Charlie—children whom we are going to beg leave to introduce into Fairy land, this Christmas morning—must have done. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," He said, when, it may be, some careful mother, fearful of offending the gentle man, saw how her little faces gathered, like blossoms of the world, around the heart that smiled them into its confidence and sun-warm love. And therefore the children remember Christ's birth-day, and keep its thoughts blossoming, all the years around, in the older bosoms that throb onward into the dust of time, and might, as they fear, forget it. And so young and old have their hearts beating to glad music into the dark December—over the magic threshold of Christmas Eve—into the Holy Morning.

On that Holy Morning, long ago—that morning after the shepherds heard the burst of divine voices in the air—"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to gentle men," came the wise men of the East, with gifts of frankincense and myrrh, to "the rude manger," where lay the young Christ, with the dew on His lips that was to bless the Earth: now the wise "men of the world," with gifts of love, and beauty, and gladness, come to the young hearts (fresh with the heaven of child-

hood) where the child Christ lies in the infancy of their own life—in the fairy remains of their belief. Oh, not in vain are the gifts placed in the hand—nay, handed into the heart—of a child. And frankincense and myrrh are with them all, to embalm them in the memory. The value of a gift is only to be placed by the love and the loving heart that receives it, and the homeliest Christmas gift is a diamond's setting, if it makes glad the hour of a child—how much more precious it becomes if it gives a memory to a year—how priceless it seems, if it

"Upon the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkles forever"

through a life!

May your heart be a Christmas tree, lighted and filled with all the fairy dreams and loving beliefs of childhood, and on the lower boughs may you see your children's faces. If the snow has been "busily heaping garden and highway" of your life, "with a silence deep and white," may you see the Christmas tree blossom out of the snow of the years. The diamond shroud of the buried earth hides many a heart under its folds that was warm and bright with Christmas welcome last December—but, over the snow, is the angel of the grave.

The Christ-child lies nestled warm in every bosom this morning. Bring him the heart's sweetest gifts—loving beliefs, happy songs, gentle feelings, merry eyes, lips with kisses—he will smile up into your hearts, and love you,

Ah, you are old—but except ye become as children, ye cannot enter into the heart of Christmas.

#### THE TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two neighboring crones, antique and gray,  
Together talked at close of day.  
One said, with brow of wrinkled care,  
"Life's cup, *at first*, was sweet and fair;  
On our young lips, with laughter gay,  
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;  
But vapid then it grew, and stale,  
And tiresome as a twice-told tale;  
And here, in weary age and pain,  
Its bitter dregs alone remain."  
The other, with contented eye,  
Laid down her work, and made reply—  
"Yes, life was bright at morning tide;  
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,  
More rich, methought, and purer too,  
Its well-concocted essence grew.  
Even now, though low its spirit drains,  
And little in the cup remains,  
There's sugar at the bottom still,  
And we may taste it if we will."

## What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was an evening in winter. A man, just above the medium height, with a pale, delicately cut, intellectual face, sat by an office table, above which depended a shaded gas-light. He was leaning over a book, now examining a page intently, and now turning the leaves with rapid fingers—not so much reading, as searching for some fact, formula, or illustration. His face, we said, was pale; but the paleness was not of ill health, nor in consequence of prolonged physical exhaustion; for the skin had a clear, healthy look, and the strong brown eyes, that glanced up, now and then, in pauses of reflection, were full of fire. The face, as we said, was delicately cut; the forehead high and broad; the eyebrows thin, but darkly defined; the lashes well fringed and with a graceful curve upwards; the nose long, rather prominent, but straight, with wide, almost transparent nostrils; full lips, and slightly receding chin.

There was not a hard or harsh line in his face. The artist-soul, which had been at work upon it for many years—the snow-flecked hair said many years—drew, it was plain, her inspiration and ideals of beauty, from heavenly spheres. Truth, purity, self-discipline, high thoughts and noble purposes, with love of the neighbor, had all guided the artist-soul, as it wrought upon the material investure, and cut it into a representation of its own interior life. So the soul is ever at work upon the face, giving to it the form of its quality. If you have skilled eyes, you may read the men you meet by the lines of their countenances.

He sat at an office table, the strong gas-light flooding his face, and giving it an almost supernatural beauty. There were many cases standing against the walls of the office, which was spacious, and carpeted;—cases of books; of chemical and philosophical apparatus; of drugs and curious specimens in bottles; and of anatomical preparations. Orderly arrangement, and an air of taste and comfort, were in everything. The man and his surroundings were in harmony.

"Is the Doctor in?"

The door opened so quietly, that he was not aware of the presence of any one, until a child's voice asked the question. Glancing up, he saw a little girl, not over eight years of age, standing just inside of the office door, which

she still held ajar. She was poorly dressed, but clean. Her face, which could not be called a plain one, had little of that healthy glow and roundness which we see in children who have plenty of food, air and exercise. It was the face of a child to whom life had not been all sunshine; for over it shadows of real things had passed so often, and dwelt so long, that cheerfulness had faded out. She had a look of endurance, if not suffering. Her skin was fair, and she had blue eyes, that should have been dancing in light; but they were dreamy and sad, and full of questionings. To her, life had come on the darker side, and its mystery and sorrow weighed sluggishly on her heart. The Doctor, who possessed the rare faculty of reading countenances as some men read books, saw all this at a glance.

"I am the Doctor," he replied, leaning back from the table, and looking intently at the child.

"Mother says, wont you come and see little Theo." The child came forward a few steps. Her eyes rested full on the Doctor's face—not boldly, but with that confidence seen in artless children.

"Who is your mother?" asked the Doctor.

"Her name is Mrs. Ewbank."

"Where does she live?"

"In Green street, four doors from Franklin."

"Which side?"

"On t'other side."

"What's the matter with Theo?"

"He's sick."

"In what way?"

"I don't know; but he cries 'most all the time, and he's fallen to skin and bone, as mother says. He's cried all day—and he's so hot; and wont eat anything."

"In Green street, four doors from Franklin?"

The Doctor took up a slate and commenced writing on it with a pencil.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the name? Mrs. Ewbank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your mother want me to come around this evening?"

"O, yea. She's crying; and is afraid Theo wont live."

It was on the Doctor's tongue to ask the child about her father; but it crossed his mind that such a question might give pain, and so it was withheld.

"I'll be around this evening, tell your mother," he answered, kindly.

The child threw him a grateful look, and then went out. As she did so, the Doctor bent down over his volume again, and commenced running from page to page in a rapid, searching manner. He did not observe that another door had opened, nor that almost noiseless feet were crossing the room. A hand was laid gently on his shoulder. Without starting, or a motion of surprise, he leaned back from the table, and turning, looked up into the pleasant face of a woman. In actual record her years were forty-five; in appearance, she was younger by half a score. The flowers of summer had been tempered for her by the shadows of great rocks; or the cool recesses of arbors wrought of vines that loving hands had planted. The wild blasts of winter had rarely been able to penetrate the sheltered home in which she dwelt; and even when their chilly breath came in through a suddenly opening door, or neglected cranny, it was soon subdued by the tempering warmth within. Life had, thus far on her journey, given her more of peace than sadness—more of interior satisfaction than disquietude. And yet, a second glance at her still almost youthful face, revealed the fact, that she had not passed thus far in the ways of life, without a share of discipline—of sorrow—of sickness and pain; but they had wrought their true intent, softening, elevating and refining—bearing back, and to the circumference of her being, the inherited natural with its evils, and ministering to the birth of that spiritual life, the full development of which gives the stature of an angel.

"Lena." As the Doctor uttered her name, gently, a smile crept around his lips, and the intenser light of his eyes, which professional thought had kindled, softened to a look of tenderness.

"Studying a case, I suppose," she said, question and affirmative uniting in her voice.

"Yes, and a difficult one," replied the Doctor, as he still leaned back, and looked at his wife. She moved around, and stood more nearly in front, the light falling strongly on his face from the shaded lamp, while hers remained partly in shadow.

"I should think, by this time," was remarked, "that you were so familiar with all forms of disease, and their treatment, that no case would be found difficult."

"As evil is Protean, so is disease. When the moralist has discovered all forms of evil, and noted their remedies, the physician may hope to attain for disease a like consummation," said the Doctor.

"In that view, the healer can never be perfect in his art."

"Never. Symptoms—effects—the ultimate signs of causes he does not see—are all that meet his observation. Sin is the mother of disease—therefore, all diseases have a spiritual origin. Physical evil is only the result of moral evil, descended to a lower plane of life. As the cause is, so will the effect be; and the effect must give an actual sign of the cause, and vary as to its quality and force. You can see, then, how, with an almost infinite variety, diseases will manifest themselves, and while holding a type, or classification, set at naught, in many instances, all the physician's previously acquired skill, and demand of him a new application of remedies."

Something like a sigh parted the air, as the Doctor's wife answered—

"And so, his work will never grow lighter."

"Why should it, if he have strength?" asked the Doctor. His countenance was as serene as his voice.

"True. Why should it, if he have strength? But, dear"—her voice fell to a lower tone—"your strength is failing, while your work demands increasing vigor."

"I am not conscious of the failure." The Doctor smiled into the face of his wife.

"You bear the signs," she answered, tenderly. "Here," she laid the tips of her fingers softly on his hair, "they are gathering fast. Every day I can see some spot on which a snow-flake has alighted. And, as your head whitens, the summer flushes grow paler on your cheeks. Are deepening orbits and shrinking flesh, the signs of strength? No—no, my husband!"

"You are too quick at reading signs, Lena. The plump and the ruddy are not always the most enduring. The clear eye, the healthy skin, the compact muscle—these show the right condition, and give warrant of endurance. And, above all, the calm temperament, and Heaven-aspiring soul."

"But a dwarf may not be equal to a giant's work."

"No; and he would be a very foolish dwarf to attempt so impossible a thing. But, a dwarf, working bravely up to his strength, may do a great deal more than a self-indulgent giant, and be none the weaker."

"You generally beat me in argument," said the Doctor's wife, smiling. "But, convinced against my will, I hold the same opinion still. I feel that you are taxing yourself too severely—and I see it, also; and unless your

reasoning harmonizes with my perception, I cannot fully accept your judgment. In most cases, your thought and my intuition reach to the same conclusion, and then I know we are right. I doubt now; and think you will be wise to take the benefit of my doubts, and spare yourself a little."

The Doctor reached his hand towards the table, and shut the book over which he had been poring when his wife came in.

"That's right. Now come up stairs," she said, drawing upon his arm.

"Is tea ready?" The Doctor took out his watch.

"It will be, in ten minutes."

"Half past six." The Doctor laid his hand on the book he had just closed. "In ten minutes, you say? That will give time to finish my—"

"Indeed it will not," said the wife, interrupting him, and speaking with the firmness of one who intended to have her own way. Seizing the volume resolutely, she returned it to one of the book-cases.

"Now, sir, my will must, for once, be law," she added, with mock seriousness.

The Doctor leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes on his wife, meeting her animated countenance, as she turned from the book-case, with so sober a gaze, that she was, for a moment, half in doubt whether he were not offended.

"Do you know who is up stairs?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Lena and little Ned."

"No!" The Doctor was on his feet in a moment.

"Yes; they've been here all the afternoon."

"Have they? Well, that's pleasant." And he was already on his way to the door of his office. In the door, he turned, and saw his wife standing near the table. She had not moved.

"Come," he said.

"Oh, it's of no consequence about me," was answered, in a voice simulating so well a hurt spirit, that the Doctor was for the moment deceived. Going back, he drew an arm around his wife.

"She is yours as well as mine, dear."

"All very well to say that. But, I understand. You couldn't give me ten minutes. Oh, no! But at Lena's name, you start away like an impatient lover."

"Jealous of your own child! What a riddle

"is woman!" said the Doctor, standing full before his wife, and looking away down into her large, black eyes, that were always so full of light that few could gaze into them steadily. A kiss reconciled all. A husband's kiss—the heart of a loving wife never gets too old for that sign, but leaps to it, always responsive, and with a thrill of pleasure. With his arm still around her waist, the Doctor and his wife went from the office to one of the drawing-rooms above.

"Lena!" How tenderly the name was spoken! How warmly the small, fair hand was clasped! How lovingly manhood's lips rested on lips that were given to their pressure with the pure abandonment of a daughter's heart. Then little three-year-old Ned was in grandpa's arms, and clinging around his neck.

"How is Edward?" The tone in which this question was asked, made very plain the fact that Edward, Lena's husband, stood in high regard with the Doctor.

"Very well." The daughter's love and the wife's love, blended sweetly in the rich young face, dark as her mother's, and as full of affluent life.

"He will come to tea?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that we cannot, once in an age, get you to tea."

"Crowded with professional duties?"

"Yes; that's the only reason. He has a consultation at six. I've said a hundred times, when I saw how you were robbed of social hours, that I'd never marry a doctor. But, it was my fate. You would have office students!"

"Not a very hard fate, I imagine," said her father, smiling.

"I will be as brave and enduring as possible, knowing that it might be worse," answered the daughter, with feigned seriousness.

As they talked, the tea-bell rang. Assembled at the table, five persons made up the circle. Doctor Hofland and his wife; Lena, their oldest daughter, with her boy in a high-chair, next to his grandfather, and Annie, the youngest daughter, just blossoming into the full spring-time of luxuriant eighteen. Their only son, Frank, holding the rank of a lieutenant in the navy, was on board of a national vessel, in the Indian seas.

"If Frank were only here!" The mother's thought, as she gazed around the table, went off to the absent one. "Then," she added, "our circle would be complete."

"There would still be a vacant place," said Lena.

"Whose?"

"Edward's."

"True." And yet the mother's heart did not come rounding into fulness in her tones."

"He loves you just as dearly as if he were your own son, mother."

"And I love him very much. He could scarcely be dearer, if he were my own flesh and blood. Yes, it would take him, also, to make our circle complete."

"He seems to be making his way very rapidly into the confidence of some of our best people," said the Doctor.

"Yes. Almost every week, he is called to a new family," said Lena, with pride and pleasure in her voice. "If it goes on as it has begun, he will speedily acquire a large practice."

"I hear him well spoken of in influential circles," remarked Doctor Hofland. "As it now stands, he is on the right road to a high place in his profession."

"He was called in to Mr. Larobe's last week," said Lena.

"Ah! Mr. Larobe's! Who's sick there?"

"Mrs. Larobe's oldest son."

"Leon Guy?"

"Yes."

"What ails him?"

"Some nervous disease. He's lost the use of both legs. Edward says that he's a most pitiable object—emaciated, and with a countenance so exhausted by suffering, that the sight of him leaves an impression of sadness. His mother has taken him to the sea shore, to medicinal springs, and once to France, for consultation with physicians in Paris. But, all to no good purpose."

"How long has he been suffering in this way?" asked the Doctor.

"For a number of years. Up to his tenth year, he was a healthy boy. Then, from cold, or some shock, I don't remember which, the balance of health was destroyed, and he has been growing worse ever since."

"He must be a young man, now?"

"Past sixteen, I think."

The Doctor's eyes fell from his daughter's face, and his countenance grew serious.

"We cannot pity the mother," he said, thoughtfully, "however we may feel for the child. If there is such a thing as retribution, it must fall upon her head."

"It is falling, I think," remarked Mrs. Hofland, "and with crushing weight—hurting

her in the most vulnerable places. Some one told me recently, that her daughter, Blanche Guy, was simple. This, in all probability, accounts for the fact that she is never seen on the street, and but seldom in the carriage, with her mother."

"Simple?" the Doctor mused. "I shouldn't wonder," he added, "if that were really so. I saw them riding out not long since, and remarked in passing, an unsatisfactory something in the girl's face. Feeble-minded—poor child!"

"Better feeble-minded, I should say," returned Mrs. Hofland, "than evil-minded, like her mother."

"Safer by far," answered the Doctor. "With such a father and such a mother, what hope of a moral equilibrium in the child? The chances are heavily on the adverse side. In a foreclosure of the rational, so that responsibility may cease, lies, it would seem, in occasional instances, the only barrier to floods of evil in which the soul would inevitably be lost."

"But, what bitterness for a woman of Mrs. Larobe's quality of mind. How the perpetual presence of an imbecile child must drain the wine of life from her soul, and leave only bitter dregs," said Mrs. Hofland.

"And these are not all her troubles," remarked the Doctor. "To the hopelessly invalid son, and worse diseased daughter, another calamity has been added."

"What?"

"In her hands, if all that is said be true, Adam Guy was bent at will. Her subtle power, against which he had no armor of defence, overmastered, and, I fear, destroyed him. For one, I have never been clear as to a state of insanity warranting his removal to a mad house; and the fact, that he was taken to a distant private institution, under circumstances of haste and concealment, never fully explained, has always left with me suspicion of foul play. Poor man! His dreadful death, while attempting escape, closed the door on a mystery which no one cared to investigate. Though rich, Guy had no true friends; and when he was in mortal peril, there was none interested enough to spring to his rescue. But, I did not mean to speak particularly of him. If there has been foul play, Justin Larobe was the wife's accomplice. Executor under the will of Mr. Guy, in little more than a year from the day of his death, he became the widow's husband. From that time, I venture to say, the subtle, cold, self-poised, and selfish

was tripple armed and defended only on one side, and vulnerable at almost every other point; but, Justin Larobe is of another class. Guy sought wealth through the avenues of trade—honest trade in the main; but, Larobe has more of the spirit of a freebooter. Under legal covers, and statutory license, he plunders right and left, as opportunity offers. Of course, such a man is ever on the alert—Argus-eyed, for prey as well as for protection. He observes the motions of all who approach him; and reads those who try to read him, from Introduction to Finis, before they have spelled through the first chapter of his record. Such is my estimate of Justin Larobe, and such, I doubt not, the widow of Adam Guy has found him. But, as I was going to say, she has met with another calamity. There has been, I understand, a separation between herself and husband."

"Not legal?" said Mrs. Hofland.

"No; only formal."

"On what ground?"

"That is mainly conjectural. Rumor says, they have not lived happily for a long time; and rumor also says, that Larobe has acted with but little disguise since their marriage, on the subject of her property, which the law has placed almost entirely in his hands. Certain settlements were stipulated for; but the cunning lawyer, who had, as executor under Mr. Guy's will, everything in his own hands, while formally making these settlements, contrived to fail in giving them a legal value."

"And is going to absorb everything," said Mrs. Hofland. "That is an inference, which goes beyond the range of probabilities. My belief is, that he will not drive her to desperation by any such an excess of wrong. He knows her quality, and just how far to test its strength. There is enough between them, in my opinion, to ruin both, should either take the witness stand against the other. So, while struggling one with the other, in a bitter antagonism, the last things must be at stake before Mrs. Justin will fling off all disguises, and risk a final struggle with him before the world. Confreres in evil, are chary of an open fight. They know too much about each other, and therefore will not risk too much."

"I pity all who are in suffering, be they evil or good," said Mrs. Hofland. "And, somehow, I pity this woman. The good have much to sustain them when night falls, and pain oppresses. But, to one like Mrs. Justin, there is no balm in Gilead. If there is an open

rupture with, and separation from, her husband, the dark days of her life have come. I never believed, however, after the way in which her step-children were treated, that any good was in store for her. It was not wise to alienate Adam. A bond of interest would have held him; and he might have been, at this time, a powerful friend. He is said to be growing rich."

"Like his father," replied the Doctor, "he knows, by a kind of instinct, where the veins of metal lie, and rarely fails, in digging down, to reach them on the first trial."

"He did not follow in his father's steps, however; did not become a merchant."

"No; but tried the lottery and exchange business. His love of money led him to prefer a closer contact with the precious thing, and a quicker result. Stocks, that enrich so many and ruin so many, he never tries, I am told. But his property investments are large, and most of them in improving neighborhoods. In the simple item of advance in real estate, I have heard his gains estimated at almost fabulous sums."

"Is he getting rich so very fast?"

"We must take all these reports with grains of allowance. But, you know, that he wedded an heiress."

"Miss T——. Yes; and she is said to have brought him fifty thousand dollars."

"At least that."

"If I were a man," spoke up Annie, the youngest daughter, who had, until now, made no remarks, "I would not have taken her for a wife, had her fortune been twice fifty thousand. Homely and disagreeable! Faugh!"

"She is no beauty," remarked the Doctor.

"She's coarse and vulgar!" said Annie, with some warmth.

"She could hardly be otherwise," said Mrs. Hofland, "for both father and mother were coarse and vulgar. I remember, very well, when they kept a shop in West Market street for the purchase of old iron and rags. He was miserly, and his wife a woman, I should think, after his own heart. In the course of time, a part of the lower floor of their house was fitted up for a dram shop, and here, at almost any hour in the twenty-four, from six in the morning until ten or eleven at night, you could have seen Mrs. T——, waiting on her customers, black and white. A few years more and the old iron, rag, and dram shop were closed, and Mr. T—— presented himself to the public behind the counters of a well-stocked retail grocery. From this period, Mrs. T—— was

no more seen in public life. But, she began to show herself in vulgar finery on the street, and to seek to intrude herself among people of refinement and education. In this last essay, she attained only a limited success. The sphere of her true quality was too dense, and thus too easily perceived. True refinement could not breathe freely in her presence. The daughter grew up undisciplined, poorly educated, and coarse within and without. At her father's death, she became the possessor of fifty thousand dollars, and, by virtue of this golden attraction, won the admiration of Adam Guy, and bought herself a husband."

"Bought! You may well say bought." Annie spoke with ill-concealed disgust. "But think, how low the idea of marriage in the mind of Mr. Guy. To take such a woman into so intimate a life-relationship, just for money! Isn't it shocking—disgusting—painful. He is not wedded to the wife, but to her gold."

"All base cupidities," said the Doctor, "have a transmitting power, working inversely to that of the fabled stone sought for by old alchemists, and wholly changing the relation of values. In Adam's case, the earthly dross was rendered invaluable, while the divinely endowed soul sunk to a poor insignificance; and he seized the one with avidity, while almost spurning, with contempt, the other. He could not understand nor appreciate a heart; but in yellow gold he saw beauty and perfection."

"It is sad; very sad;" remarked Mrs. Hofland. "These things always pain me. But, now that we are speaking of Adam, the thought of poor Lydia comes into my mind. I wonder what has become of her?"

The Doctor shook his head in a sober way.

"Her father not only disowned, but disinherited her."

"So I have understood. Poor child! I'm afraid she has found her way in life along rough and thorny paths. But, these often lead to final peace, than more flowery ones."

"I fear that she did not, in marrying, act wisely."

"Few act wisely who wed as she wedded. I never saw her husband, but, from the little I gathered from Lydia, he was weak and inferior, and love was not the power that moved him to the conquest of her heart."

"What is his name?"

"Brady, I think."

"John is dead."

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Intemperance and debauchery made quick work with him."

"There was another son."

"Yes. I saw him to day."

"What of him?"

The Doctor shook his head. "No credit to himself, or to any one else, I'm afraid. He received ten or twelve thousand dollars on becoming of age, and lived fast for two or three years, when he found himself penniless, and of course, friendless. The habits acquired during this spending term, were, in no way, favorable. But, necessity is a stern disciplinarian. He had to work, or starve; and so sought employment among our merchants. The small salary at command of an indifferent clerk, was not sufficient for the habits of one like Edwin Guy. He lost his place in a few months. Rumor gave the reason, and it was not honorable to the young man. Again he found a place, and kept it longer; but, not over a year. He was far from being well enough disciplined for the position of a clerk. Then he fell into the hands of a clique of politicians, who have used him ever since. Being neither honest nor scrupulous; yet having a specious exterior, and some smartness, he is just the kind of implement for them to work with. Of course, the workman must live, and he has a place in the Custom House, which he holds in virtue of his willingness and ability to serve the party in power."

"I would rather my son were dead," said Mrs. Hofland, with feeling. "Poor Lydia! To think that her child should come to this!"

There was silence for some moments, when Mrs. Hofland went on.

"There was one more child—the youngest—a daughter. What has become of her? She must now be at least twenty-four years of age."

"She is not with her step-mother. At least, I have not seen them together for a long time."

"She was sent away to school, and alienated from home as much as possible; treated, as I have understood, more like a stranger, than a child."

"Her father's will gave her a few thousands of dollars," said Doctor Hofland. "Some fortune hunter, in a small way—or one whose imagination increased her ten thousand to fifty or sixty—has, in all probability, drawn her from lonely and desolate ways, and blessed or cursed her life in marriage."

"I have little confidence in the blessing," sighed Mrs. Hofland. "Little—very little. My poor friend Lydia!—so true hearted, so pure, so good; to think, that it is of your children that we are now speaking. Alas! Alas! It has been well said, that marriage is a blessing

or a curse—a good or an evil—the road to happiness or misery. With a husband of another quality, what a different life would have opened for my friend. To-day she might be sitting among us, crowned with blessing."

Doctor Hofland now pushed his chair back from the table, and resting his hands on the arms, was about rising.

"Why, father!" said his daughter, Lena, "you are not going away from us yet?"

"Yes. I have several patients who must have an early call this evening."

"Oh, that is too bad. Can't they give you one half hour?" asked Lena.

"Sickness will not wait, my child. We must not prolong our enjoyments at the expense of others' sufferings. But, I will be home again in an hour."

And the Doctor bent over his grandson, who sat next him in a high chair, and left a warm kiss upon each ruddy cheek.

"A few minutes afterwards, and he was out in the clear cold air of a January night, on his way to Green street, near Franklin, to see the sick child of a stranger who had sent to ask his aid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A December Night.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

It is a cold and solemn eve;  
The stars give out their lights;  
Some phantom forms their mist-work weave  
Upon the distant heights.

On vales below, and o'er the leas,  
The white snow silent lies,  
And icy arms of storm-reft trees  
Upreach for softer skies.

The stern wind-king hath sung his dirge  
From out Æolian cave,  
While Time is treading on the verge  
Of Old Year's wintry grave.

Above his couch pale Nature stands,  
In sorrow desolate;  
She clasps in hers his frozen hands,  
Awaiting final Fate.

She thinks how once she saw him wear  
The glory of the spring,  
That golden was his shining hair  
And scintillant his wing—

That summer wove, with winsome grace,  
His robes of emerald fold,  
And autumn lent her gorgeousness  
Of crimson and of gold—

That late she saw him as a king  
To power and splendor wed,  
An idol for the worshiping  
Of legions that he led.

Now, of his regal grandeur rest,  
Of youth and beauty shorn,  
He hath but faded garments left,  
And sandals old and worn.

Low fallen is his chaplet green;  
No more his gems are gold;  
Ice-blades, more sharp than Damascene,  
Now pierce his heart with cold.

Time tarryes not for Nature's tears;  
Thus hath she wept before;  
He gathers back to long-lost years  
The Old Year, now no more.

Like human heart, doth Nature turn  
To Hope, from dull despair;  
And with a mother-love doth yearn  
To clasp the New Year fair.

It is a solemn night and cold;  
The stars still brightly glow;  
And Nature doth the New Year hold  
Within her arms of snow.

DEC. 31st, 1861.

### An Orison.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, God, to Thee I lift my voice,  
Thy listening ear incline;  
Take every hope, and thought, and fear  
Of mine, and make them Thine!  
Since to Thy goodness I owe all—  
Life, health, and strength, and breath;  
And, to Thy blood alone is due  
The victory over death.

Thy gracious kindness has dropped down,  
And blest my lonely way;  
I thank Thee that from out the clouds  
Comes many a crystal day;  
And, when the sunshine sheds on me  
Its golden robe of rest,  
Let me be not unmindful that  
It comes at Thy behest.

Trials are mine, and weary hours  
Of aching heart and brain,  
Hang o'er me with their weight of care,  
And dull, corroding pain;  
But, when I faint beneath the load,  
When fall I know I must,  
I fold my hands in silent faith—  
*I know in whom I trust.*

Help me, Omnipotent, to pass  
On meekly through this life;  
To bear with patience and content  
Its harshness and its strife;

To give to all, both friends and foes,  
Love and sweet Charity,  
And bear no hardness 'gainst the one  
Who speaks with scorn of me.

I thank Thee, God, for all Thy gifts,  
I bless Thee, every day;  
Without Thy guiding love, I know  
My wayward feet would stray.  
What am I, Lord, without Thy help?  
A waif, upon life's sea;  
But, with *Thee*, I am born an heir  
To Immortality!

### Aspirations.

BY J. L. MC'REERY.

Scenes and sounds of beauty lure me  
From the busy haunts of men;  
Take, oh, take me, Mother Nature,  
To thy loving heart again!  
Here my lips may freely utter  
All my yearning soul may feel—  
All my earnest aspirations  
Unto thee may I reveal.

For the fires of high ambition  
Burn unceasingly within;  
Not for fame, nor gold, nor glory,  
Such as blood-stained warriors win;  
Not to gain the deafening plaudits  
Of the million, for a day;  
Yet I would not all unhonored,  
Unregretted, pass away.

I would plant some flower of beauty,  
In life's desert, lone and drear,  
Sending forth perennial fragrance,  
Many a saddened heart to cheer;  
I would wake some strain of music—  
I would sing one joyous song,  
That should reach some fainting spirit,  
Bidding it be brave and strong.

I would flash one golden sentence,  
Thrilling with a thought sublime,  
That should murmur on forever,  
Through the echoing vaults of time;  
That some words which I had spoken,  
Or some deed that I had done,  
Cherished in the world's remembrance,  
Still might live, when I am gone.

Let no monumental marble  
Rise above my place of rest;  
Let my epitaph be written  
In the hearts my life has blessed.  
Soft and sweet will be my slumber,  
So the world may richer be,  
By some thought or action, destined  
Not to perish utterly.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Sunbeams in the House.

BY M. D. R. B.

One who causes two blades of grass to grow where but a single blade grew before, deserves the thanks of posterity. The hand that plants a beautiful tree, to give shade or fruit, when the owner is laid low in the dust, confers a public benefit. But how much more widely diffused are the blessings of happy homes, and how great should be our gratitude to those who make sunshine and flowers to abound there, when life, without such adjuncts, would be cheerless and desolate!

If there is any one human being who has power over another, to mould that other's mind and character, it is the mother of a family. From the earliest dawn of its frail existence, the infant is dependent on her care and protection. She is a second Providence to it; or, rather, she is the instrument in the hand of Providence to minister to its many wants. What eye so watchful as hers, to guide its feeble steps?—what ear so acute to catch the wail of distress from its lips?—what heart can throb in the intensity of its love, like a mother's? Unto her has been given the precious task of training an immortal spirit; and this priceless gem may be brightened or tarnished, as she succeeds or fails in this holiest office of woman's mission.

To make a sunny home, the mother must be sunny-tempered herself. Educate yourself, before you try to educate others. Constant self-control, firmness, and, what is often undeservedly undervalued, low, sweet tones of the voice, with a calm, cheerful countenance, are indispensable in the management of children. How many of them have their early days—too often their only little span of life—made bitter to them by acts of injustice from a parent, unfit to govern her offspring, because she has not yet learned to govern herself. Very many have been all their lives cursed by the possession of a passionate temper, modeled after the stormy likeness of the maternal one, and have, in their turn, transmitted it, with all its hideous deformity, to their descendants. But, ill-temper, though a diseased state of the mind, is not necessarily hereditary. It may be cured by early and constant application to the Great Physician. It demands a constant watch, a tight hold on the rein; for passion, like an unruly steed, must be curbed in with bit and bridle. The tongue, which "no man can tame," has yielded to the power of indwelling grace; and, beneath its transforming influence, the tiger changed into the gentle dove of peace.

Seek to have this lovely spirit within your household. What more beautiful sight can there be, than for all the members of a family to be united in the cordial bonds of a love stronger than death, when each strives to be foremost in performing deeds of mutual kindness and good-will? And the implanting of such principles of action is in thy hand; oh, mother, when it first takes hold, fearfully, and with trembling, it may be, of this great

work of thy life, let love be the first sunbeam in the family.

But, it may be that the mother has acquired the perfect control of her temper; that her children are not subject to the thunder of her displeasure, nor the lightning of her angry glances; that she is "too much of a lady," to deform herself by violent storming, either at children, or domestics; still, clouds and lack of sunshine are felt in many a home, that would be much purified and refreshed by a gentle breeze.

"A continual dropping in a very rainy day"—perpetual shadows—unmitigated gloom—are but emblems of a fretful, fault-finding disposition. I am persuaded that more homes are darkened and made unhappy by this, than any other cause; and, as a constant drip of water will, in time, wear away stones, so does this state of the moral atmosphere corrode the very springs of domestic happiness. A tendency to magnify little errors, an interminable grumbling about the minor ills of life, will certainly produce a counter-irritation in those who come under the influence of such a gloomy temperament, and make home anything but a sunny one.

But, it may be asked, how can a mother, with all her many cares, her various trials and perplexities, which, though individually so small, are, in the aggregate, such a mountain of difficulties, to be always busy in making sunbeams? I answer, that I know you have many "crooks in the lot." Each one who has a mother's heart, is acquainted with the burdens that press so sorely upon that of her fellow laborer. But it will not mend matters to be impatient or fretful. Cloudy skies will hinder the blossoms of happiness from springing up in your pathway. Then try to be cheerful and bright, and depend upon it, you will be rewarded. As face answerto face, so will your peaceful, loving disposition, be reflected in the miniature countenances and minds that are looking to you for a pattern. Chameleon-like, they are quick to absorb the colors that most frequently surround them; look to it that the prevailing hue is not of a shady character. If little things are not to be despised, then the small courtesies of life, the mutual helping with one another's burdens—the constant bearing and forbearing, so necessary in the continual contact of different dispositions and temperaments, will make sunbeams in the family.

Habits of ORDER are especially useful in securing a sunny, happy home, to our children. These may be inculcated from the very first dawning of intelligent observation in the child. To have the books and playthings carefully arranged, the person and dress neat and clean, the various articles of the toilet, the work-shop, or the sewing-box, always in their place when wanted, soon become like second nature to young persons who are properly brought up; and a departure from these rules, will be felt as a real evil. Nothing contributes so greatly to the fostering of a fretful, complaining disposition, as the confusion and

anarchy which exist in some families, of whose members we might hope better things.

If the young mother once come to the conclusion that she is physically or morally unable to undertake the charge of her offspring—if she lay aside the reins of government, and delegate to subordinate and uneducated persons, the sacred task of taking the child, and training it for future usefulness in society, how widely diffused will be the mischiefs that must inevitably ensue from such a disorderly state of affairs. Who cares to visit in such a household? Or, how sorely will one's patience be tried by ill-governed children, rudely engrossing the mother's sole attention, or even demanding the like concession from her guests. Does not every one's experience contain incidents that will serve to show in perfect contrast, the advantages or disadvantages that must follow habits of order or disorder? And, need it be asked, which habitation is most frequently visited with the sunbeams of happiness—which we would choose for an abiding place that we could emphatically call Home?

Children are easily educated to become young tyrants; only allow them to have their own way. But this will not make them contented or happy. Let Charley have his will in turning the parlor into a play-ground; suffer him to convert the chairs into stage-coaches, and the valuable books on your centre-table into castles and palaces, that soon come tumbling down, as such structures usually do, he will anon, like a young Alexander, cry for new worlds to conquer, and extend his desires to articles out of his reach, or too fragile in their nature for his handling. But let the mother at once and firmly deny all such innovations on her comfort; teach him to be contented with one thing at a time, and then have the article restored to its place before it has become so common as to be valueless, making its possession a reward for his good behaviour, or faithful performance of some little task which may have been assigned to him.

But, neither may the mother be a tyrant. She must not allow herself to become so absorbed in her own pleasures, or even necessary family employments, as to infringe on the rights of her child; for, even children have their rights. It is the mother's duty to carefully consider their childish petitions, before she utter the inauspicious "No," which ought never lightly to be repeated. This, like the law of the Medes and Persians, which changed not, should be the unyielding rule of the household, were it not for the wretched vacillating—the weak afterthoughts, that arise from a want of due consideration and judgment in the premises. How much worry and whining on the part of the child—how much anger from the finally irritated parent, are caused by such neglect of duty! And this to be repeated on every trivial occasion; for children soon learn that they can tease into compliance.

If, then, we would have happy homes, let us throw wide open our windows to admit the sunbeams of

LOVE, CONTENTMENT, ORDER, and SELF-GOVERNMENT; and, beneath their genial influence, the shadows of ILL-TEMPER, FRETFULNESS, and IN-SUBORDINATION, will fly away, and visit us no more.

PARKSBURG, PA.

### LINES,

#### ADDRESSED TO MRS. W. H. TALBOTT,

*On the Death of her Infant Daughter.*

BY ROSETTA C. WILSON.

The darling of your household band,  
The youngest "infant dove,"  
Her snowy wings unfolded  
And sought a rest above.  
The baby heard a loving voice,  
Not for your ears designed,  
And mother's tender, loving breast,  
The birdling sweet resigned.  
That seraph voice an echo woke  
From the far spirit land;  
The baby saw an angel guide,  
And clasped his loving hand.  
With noiseless, spirit footstep,  
He bore the baby dear,  
Safe o'er the surging billows  
Of the death-stream, dark and drear.  
And, through the gates they entered,  
And cul'd sweet blossoms fair,  
Of the "City Celestial,"  
Perfuming all the air.  
And the child was filled with rapture,  
And her wonder grew apace,  
As she gazed at the untold beauties  
Of her Heavenly dwelling place!  
And they gave angelic welcome  
To her new-found spirit-home,  
And, countless children shouted—  
"Come, gentle sister, come!"  
And, listen to the music sweet,  
From angel-voices swelling,  
The story of the Saviour's love,  
Those holy anthems telling—  
How Jesus little children loved,  
And called them to His fold;  
"Their angels do His Father's face  
Most constantly behold."

And now, in pensive twilight,  
When its shadows faintly fall,  
And images of absent ones  
Are pictured on the wall,  
The baby dear comes back again,  
With messages of love,  
Fraught with angelic tenderness,  
From the glorious home above,  
Now, Heavenly influences distil,  
Like dew, on withered flowers,  
And who can tell the blessedness  
Of those still, evening hours?  
The mystic presence, all unseen,  
Irradiates the gloom,  
And light Celestial shines above  
The darkness of the tomb.  
Sweet resignation comes to bless  
That holy hour of calm,  
And tears are dried, and sorrows hush'd,  
With its soft, healing balm.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, December 22d, 1860.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Margaret Wilmot's

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

How cold and dreary it looks! The long road, the fences, the fields, and the great hills in the distance, are rolled up in a white fleece of snow. It will be such a long, long time before I shall hear the spring-birds, and watch for the golden dandellions winking in the green grass! The wind shivers and sobs about the house, as though it was mourning for the days that are gone, and drives the great, cold clouds over the face of the sky.

To think to-day is New Year's! And I suppose that a great many little girls, who are ten years old, as I am, are very happy to day—that they don't stand all alone, looking out of the window at the dreary face of the sky and earth; but that they have fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, to kiss them, and make them pretty presents, and wish them "Happy New Year's."

There isn't anybody in the whole world to say those pretty words to me. I wished Aunt Comfort would this morning; but she'd never think of such a thing; and when I said to her, after breakfast—

"What shall I do to-day, Aunt Comfort, seeing it's New Year's," she answered—

"That don't make any difference, child. You must wipe the dishes, and study your lessons, and hem your pocket handkerchiefs, just as usual. For my part, I don't see but New Year's is just like any other day."

Of course I couldn't say one word; but I thought if my own father and mother weren't lying under this cold snow, they wouldn't have answered me so, and that they would have made me a Happy New Year's, such as other little girls will have!

I've had it, after all! such a Happy New Year! And it came so sudden and unexpected, that looking back on it now, it all seems like a beautiful dream, only I know that it wasn't! I was standing at the window, when I saw Edward and Susie Burton suddenly turn the corner, and the next minute they were at our front door. I opened it, and they both exclaimed,

"Mamma's sent over to see if your aunt wont let you come and pass the day with us, Maggie? We've got our two cousins and our aunt from New York, and we're going to have a splendid time!"

"Oh, Aunt Comfort, do please say that I may go?" I exclaimed, for she had come into the room at that moment, and heard what the children said.

"I suppose I'll have to let you," she said. "I hope Mrs. Burton won't find you in the way."

I scampered off up stairs, as glad as I could be to get ready, and while I was braiding my hair before the mirror Aunt Comfort came in.

"Put on your new red merino, Margaret," she said; "and your brown gaiters. I want you to look decent before those city folks," and she took down my hair and braided it herself.

In a little while I was ready, and started off with Edward and Susie. When I got to Mrs. Burton's, I was at first a little afraid of so many strange faces, for there were the cousins, Mary and Jane Thompson, and Aunt Ellen Thompson; but they were very kind, and shook hands with me; and the little girls kissed me, just as though I was their cousin, and pretty soon we got acquainted.

Then they showed me their presents. Oh, such heaps of beautiful things! I can't begin to tell! There were birds, and parrots, and trees of glass; and there were apples and peaches, that looked so natural, made of sugar; and the most beautiful set of china, and a cradle with a baby asleep in it, for Susie; and a rocking horse, and a drum for Edward! I couldn't look enough!

And afterwards we played company with the tea

set, and we had cakes, and chocolate, and fruit, and jelly, and everything that wouldn't make us sick; and Edward put on a soldier's cap, and took his sword, and mounted his horse, and we called him General Burton. Oh it was so funny! But I can't begin to tell half of the good times I had, nor how much I liked Susie's cousins, Jane and Mary Thompson.

After dinner I was looking at the presents again, when Jane, who stood by her mother, said suddenly to me,

"You haven't told us anything about your New Year's presents, Maggie!"

It made me feel real bad. I couldn't help the tears coming into my eyes.

"I didn't have any," I said. "I haven't any father or mother to give them to me."

They all looked at me sorrowfully; and Mrs. Thompson came over and kissed me, as kindly as though she was my own mother; and then she looked at her own little girls, and I knew what she was thinking. Afterwards they were all kinder to me than ever.

We went into the parlor at last, and when we were playing "Hide and Seek," and I was behind the sofa, I overheard Mrs. Thompson say to Susie's mother,

"Sarah, that is a pretty, interesting little girl you've got here to-day; who is she?"

"Little Margaret Wilmot; she is Miss Comfort Crandall's niece," said Mrs. Burton. "She's a sweet little thing, as you say, Ellen, and I'm sorry for the child. She's neither father nor mother, brother nor sister; and though her aunt is a good, well-meaning woman, she's intensely practical, and would have no sympathies with a shy, sensitive little thing like Margaret; but would expect a

child of ten, would be wise and discreet, as a woman of forty. I sent for her to come to-day, for I knew she'd have a lonely time at home. Miss Crandall would never comprehend a child's wants and needs, though she'll take the best of care of her niece."

And then Mrs. Thompson told her sister what I had said about the presents.

"It made my heart ache, Sarah," she said.

"Well, I looked out that she should have something," answered Mrs. Burton; and then Edward found me behind the sofa, and I didn't hear a word more, because I knew it wouldn't be honorable to listen, although I *felt* that they were talking about me for a good while afterwards.

I remained until my bed time, eight o'clock, and then, after Mrs. Burton had tied on my bonnet, she put in my hands the prettiest little mahogany book-case, filled with a dozen red volumes of Abbott's Histories!

I tried to thank her; but just then, Mrs. Thompson came up with such a beautiful wax doll! It had blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and long brown curly hair; and it had on a pink dress, with lace over it, which reached half way down the skirt, and such cunning red shoes!

"My dear child," said Mrs. Thompson, "I had got this doll for my niece in New York, but when we got there, we can find her another; so I have concluded to give it to you for a New Year's present!"

It is very strange. I don't understand it now; for I know I was so glad that I didn't know what to do; and yet, I burst right out crying! I was so ashamed; and I thought they'd think I wasn't glad for the presents; and at last I managed to swallow something—I don't know what, and to say, "I am very happy, if I am a crying!"

"We understand it all, my dear. You needn't

*say one word,*" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, and she put her arms around me, and kissed me again as though I was her own dear little girl, and I wished I was; and they all came to the door, and were so kind to me when I left, and Mrs. Burton sent her man Samuel home with me, to explain why I was so late to Aunt Comfort.

Samuel made it all right; and then I showed my aunt my presents. She opened her eyes wide; and looked 'em all over, and said,

"Well, I declare."

And she asked, "What sort of a day have you had?"

And I told her all about the beautiful things I had seen, and what they had said to me, and how happy I had been; and she listened with a great deal of interest; and I sat up until nine o'clock, and when she unhooked my dress, I asked her,

"Aunt Comfort, if my own mamma was alive now, do you think she could have made a happier New Year's for me, or given me more beautiful presents than I've had?"

"I guess not, child," she said.

And when she came in to take the light, after I was in bed, she bent down and kissed me, and said very kindly,

"I'm glad that you've had such a pleasant day, Maggie."

I never knew Aunt comfort to do such a thing before, and all that Mrs. Burton had said when I was behind the sofa, came back into my mind, but I didn't say a word about it.

I have thanked God for the Happy New Year, and the beautiful presents He has sent me; and—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

### THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BY J. E. M'C.

The inexperienced mistress of a house may learn much by observing the manner in which things are done in well regulated and experienced households where she visits, and sometimes even a very humble family may give her a valuable suggestion with regard to some economical, yet excellent dish, or a money and labor-saving process of doing some common and needful pieces of work. The great secret of becoming a good housekeeper is to keep the eyes open and the hands ready to profit by the knowledge they gain.

Do not be afraid to ask questions, at suitable opportunities, with regard to the manner of preparing dishes that are new to you; or the way of doing some piece of work which would add to your

home comforts, or elegancies. A housekeeper will not be offended with your appreciation of her skill, and no true lady will be reluctant to give you the desired information.

Have a good receipt book to start with, and make one of a little blank-book, in which you can note down from time to time, receipts of all sorts which you may gather up. This will prove of the greatest advantage to you. Save valuable newspaper receipts, as you come across them—clip them out when you can and paste them neatly in your book.

Do not be too timid or indolent to try new experiments, though always on a small scale, and when you have no company, until you are sure of success. Turn over your cook-book in the morning until you settle on some new dish for dinner,

something different from yesterday's meal, and let it be served up delicately and tastefully, and it will be pretty sure to give satisfaction.

If your husband thinks Mrs. L——'s tea biscuit are particularly excellent, quietly learn her process of making them. Your husband will love and respect you all the more for such a kindly regard for his tastes. Do not consider anything too trifling to demand your attention, which would make your home happier for a single hour. Life is made up of just such trifles, and that life will be a glad or a cheerless one, just in proportion as you discharge faithfully these little hourly duties.

MILLEVILLE.

**POT PIES.**—Make a crust like soda biscuit, i. e., take one quart of flour, half a pint of milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour, one teaspoonful of soda in the milk. Mix well together, and drop into your chicken, or veal, or beef stew, when the stew is boiling. I will warrant you light crust. A better way to cook it is to cut into biscuits, lay on a large plate, and set it in the steamer, over the stew, to cook. Lay on the platter with your meat, and pour over the seasoned and thickened gravy, and you have something a little better than common.

**HOW TO TAN SKINS OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.**—A correspondent of *The Field*, London, in answer to an inquiry, recommended the following method:

The recipé found to answer far the best—and it was my own idea entirely; suggested, perhaps, slightly by the white powder which came from deer skins I had had regularly cured by a tanner—is this: to wash and clean thoroughly the skin, stretch it well on a board with plenty of large pins, scrape off with a knife all the flesh, fat and inner skin, until the leather is laid bare, then rub in powdered quicklime; clean off the first layer, which will be damp and killed, and put on another to the depth of an eighth of an inch, or more; rake it over the next day, in case any should have got damp and killed from the skin, so that there shall be a coating of dry hot lime next to the skin, and put it by for—the longer the better—six months, if you like, in a dry room. I have several skins done in this way in my hall, dogs and cats, of my own curing—one especially, a very large and handsome cat, possibly a wild one—I killed one day while shooting with a friend in North Wales, on one of his outlying beats; and these skins, if not as supple as if done by a regular tanner, are quite enough so for any purpose.

Another correspondent of the same journal gives these directions:

Take two pounds of coarse salt and one pound of alum, broken fine, and dissolve in water. Place the skins with the hair down, in a tub; pour the water over, and place a board and weight on them, in order to keep them quite covered with the pickle. Let them lie in this for a week, then nail them on

a board, skin side out, and when dry rub smooth with pumice-stone. These skins are quite soft and pliable, and keep well for years.

**A CHEAP PLANT CASE.**—A lady of our acquaintance, says an exchange, has in her parlor, a plain glass case, opening with a hinged lid, somewhat like a milliner's show case. The bottom of this has a zinc pan about three inches deep, and in this receptacle grow and flourish ferns, mosses, wild vines, and berries, with all the freedom and abundance of their native woods. The expense of such a case is from five to seven dollars, and any carpenter can make it.

**GREASE SPOTS.**—The following is from the *Agriculturist*:—Many of these eyesores may be removed for a sixpence invested in French chalk. Susanne, of Brooklyn, gives as an example that her four-year old carried a nice edition of Cowper into the kitchen and dabbed it into the butter plate. She scraped some of the French chalk over the spots of grease, and in an hour afterwards brushed off the powder, and put on a fresh dose, leaving it three or four hours, when Cowper was himself again. “The same application operates equally well upon greased clothing, though sometimes two or three applications may be needed. The French chalk (clay) can be obtained at any drug store.”

**A HOT WATER CURE FOR CUT FLOWERS.**—When they have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly trimmed ends instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to smooth out and to resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers revive the best; white flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers amend perhaps the most, though azaleas revive wonderfully.

**SODA CRACKERS.**—Take one quart of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg rubbed in the flour, one even teaspoonful of soda in half a pint of milk; roll them as hard as possible, whether it takes all the milk or not. Bake in a quick oven, set them around the stove and dry thoroughly.

**TO GLAZE OR VARNISH DRAWINGS.**—One ounce of Canada balsam, two ounces of oil of turpentine, well dissolved. The drawing should be previously washed over with a solution of izinglass.

**TO MAKE PAPER FIREPROOF.**—Nothing more is necessary than to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum-water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### Health of Professional Men.

Professor John S. Hart, formerly Principal of the Philadelphia Central High School, recently delivered an address before a literary society at Gettysburg, Pa., on "Some of the Mistakes of Literary Men," in which he refers to the want of health among this class. The passage is so excellent that we transfer it to our pages. He says:—

"The first advice, then, that I have to give you, is that you take care of your bodily health. From a large acquaintance with literary and professional men, and after a careful survey of the whole subject, it is my sober judgment that more educated men fail of distinction through the want of bodily vigor than from any other cause. The high prices in any of the professions are not to be won without exhausting labor. To accomplish, indeed, great results in any line, literary, scientific, professional, or administrative, there must be great capacity for work. There must be the iron will that cannot be appalled by any possible accumulation of details, but works its way steadily through them by dint of constant, untiring, unyielding toil.

"Now it is obvious that, in order to any such career, the body must have adequate powers of endurance. Long-continued mental labor, especially where the feelings are enlisted, makes fearful drafts upon the bodily frame. To go through the wear and tear of any of the ordinary professions, at least when a man has succeeded in acquiring a considerable practice, requires vigorous health. How continually do we see professional men obliged to stop short in the full career of success, simply because their bodily powers give way. They cannot carry out the conceptions of their minds, because their bodies are unequal to the task of carrying them through the necessary toil. With sound, sturdy, bodily health, you not only can labor mentally more hours in the twenty-four, but you can, while working, throw into your task a greater amount of intellectual force. A mind of great power, putting forth its full energy in some special effort, is like a warrior armed in heavy mail, going forth to battle. If the horse which carries him be small and puny, the warrior must needs fail. If, on the other hand, the horse be a powerful and generous animal, fully equal to the occasion, how much is the force of the rider himself increased thereby. So the mind gathers impulse and force from the body, whenever the latter is in high health and vigor. So, too, when the latter is feeble and sickly, the mind is either checked and hampered in its impulses, or, attempting to ride them boldly forward, it breaks down altogether. The man dies prematurely, or—worse still—he becomes a drivelling idiot.

"My first advice, then, to young men pursuing or completing a course of liberal studies is, take care

of your bodily health. Without this, your intellectual attainments will be shorn of more than half their value. I dwell upon this point, and emphasize it, because on every side of me, in professional life, and especially in the clerical profession, I see many helpless, hopeless wrecks. Verily there is some grievous mistake among us in this matter. Whether it be our climate, or our habits of student life, or our social and domestic habits, I am not prepared to say. But of the fact I make no doubt. Our educated men do not achieve half that they might achieve, for the want of the necessary physical vigor. It is painful to see the dyspeptic, sore-throated, attenuated, endavorous specimens of humanity that student-life so often produces among us—men afraid of a puff of air, afraid of the heat, afraid of the cold, afraid to eat a piece of pie or good roast beef—men obliged to live on stale bread and molasses, who take cold if they get wet, who must make a reconnaissance of a room to see that they can secure a place out of a draft before they dare to take a seat—men who by dint of coaxing and nursing and pampering drag out a feeble existence for a few short years, and then drop into a premature grave,—martyrs to intelloctual exertion!

"I do not recommend the fox-hunting carousals of the old time English clergy. We need not go back to the material apotheosis of the classical ages. But verily we have something to learn in this matter. We have to learn that high mental exertion taxes most severely the life-force. We have to learn that the man of superior intellect, who puts forth his powers with resolute vigor, requires more bodily health and force to sustain the strain, than an ordinary laboring man does. Instead of being pale, delicate, feeble, and sickly, the student needs to be stalwart and hardy. He should have tougher thaws and stronger sinews and a more vigorous pulse than the man who merely ploughs the soil. He need not have the brawn and bone of the athlete and the gladiator. He need not be a Spartacus or a Hesean. But he should be of all men a man of good, sound, vigorous, working bodily health.

"It is no part of my errand here to-day to give you a lecture on hygiene. I do not propose to tell you how this strong physical health is to be secured. All I wish, or deem decorous, is to call your attention to the subject,—to impress upon you, if possible, the earnest conviction that something is to be done in this matter by those who lead a student-life. Let me, however, say this much. We must live more in the open air than we do. We must warm our blood less by closed rooms and airtight stoves, and more by oxygen breathed upon the beautiful hillsides. We must spend more time in innocent outdoor amusements. We must cease to count gunning and boating and bowling among the seven deadly sins."

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

MORNING COSTUME.—*Robe de Chambre* closing and shoulders. From this *Arabeque* falls a very at the waist only: broad *revers* of silk quilted and deep flounce of *Chantilly lace*, reaching to within finished by a *râche*: these *revers* are very wide ten or twelve inches of the bottom of the mantle. at the bottom, gradually narrowing to the waist, and again increasing in width to the shoulder: it is fastened at the waist by a silk *cordeliere*. The sleeves are large, gathered into a band at the bottom forming *bouffantes*: deep *revers* corresponding to those on the robe. Under-dress of *nausook*.

HOME COSTUME.—High dress of green silk, the skirt with a narrow fluted flounce at the bottom, headed by a band of velvet: above this the skirt is ornamented by rows of narrow black velvet, forming large points and interlacing each other; in the hollow of each point is a rosette of black lace with velvet buttons in the centre. The plain high body has rosettes up the front.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of light *Havanna* silk, the skirt long and full, the body high and plain. Large *Talma* of black velvet, round the shoulders an *Arabeque* trimming formed by a rich

and shoulders. From this *Arabeque* falls a very and shoulders. From this *Arabeque* falls a very  
at the waist only: broad *revers* of silk quilted and deep flounce of *Chantilly lace*, reaching to within  
finished by a *râche*: these *revers* are very wide ten or twelve inches of the bottom of the mantle.  
at the bottom, gradually narrowing to the waist, and again increasing in width to the shoulder:  
it is fastened at the waist by a silk *cordeliere*. The sleeves are large, gathered into a band at  
the bottom forming *bouffantes*: deep *revers* corresponding to those on the robe. Under-dress of  
*nausook*.

JACKETS.

Jackets appear to be very much in favor, and this is, perhaps, to be attributed to the great taste displayed in the invention and adaptation of new shapes, leaving nothing to be desired for elegance in pattern or style. We give three illustrations in this number. The "Capulet" is made to fit to the figure, and is made in cloth, either plain, as in illustration, or ornamented with military braid.

The Guinea Zouave, in black cloth, trimmed with a scroll of velvet on the front and sleeves, as shown in the illustration, and ornamented with steel beads, a most effective and fashionable style of jacket.

The Zouave, in cloth, cashmere, and velvet, ornamented with braid, and steel or bugle beads interspersed. The illustration represents an entirely novel style of trimming, being an insertion of velvet ornaments cut in the shape of vine leaves, and edged either with steel lustres or garnets, and black silk cord: full silk tassels at the front, back is one of the prettiest productions of the season.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOME OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son, Printers, 1861.

An address delivered before the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. In the brief space of forty pages, Mr. Hart has crowded a large number of most excellent hints and suggestions for literary and professional men, that we sincerely wish all for whose benefit they are made could read. Under seven heads, he discourses of "Health," so much neglected by students and men of all the learned professions; of the importance of acquiring a habit of being "beforehand with whatever is undertaken;" of the mistake committed by so many young men, of not "holding on to the calling or profession which they choose;" of the use and advantage of having "some fresh intellectual acquisition always on hand;" of the "mistake of limiting too strictly your studies to your own speciality, or your intercourse to your own set or caste;" of the importance of "cultivating the art of conversation;" and of the "duty of cultivating good manners." Each one of these heads is presented with a clearness and common sense force, that carries conviction; and we thank Mr. Hart, in the name of our literary and professional brethren, for a good work, well and gracefully done. The

style of the address is finished and scholarly, as is every thing from the writer's pen.

THE LAST POLITICAL WRITINGS OF GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, U. S. A.; with a sketch of his Life and Military Services. New York: Rudd & Carlton.

The memory of General Lyon has, through his services and untimely death, become dear to his countrymen. One of the early martyrs in this sad war, his death struck pain into thousands of hearts; and the public mind is yet far from being satisfied with the circumstances attending his loss. The volume now issued, contains a brief memoir, an account of his military services, and the incidents attendant on his death at Springfield, Mo., also a series of ably written political articles. Among the eminent men who have expressed an interest in the publication of the volume, may be mentioned the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, who remarks in a note to the editor:—"I trust you will succeed in raising a memorial to your friend General Lyon, whose military services were beyond all praise; whose character, as you described to me, was beautifully earnest; and whose sad death reflects infinite honor on his own memory, and, I fear, shame on those who left him to fall a martyr to his duty, his patriotism, his zeal, and the disinterested, natural self-sacrificing element of his character."

**THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY, HUNTED DOWN, and other NOUVELLETTES.** By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A collection in a single volume of over four hundred pages, of a number of short stories, known, or supposed to be written, by the author of "PICKWICK." For "Hunted Down," which appeared originally in the New York Ledger, Dickens is said to have received five thousand dollars. The "Haunted House," one of the author's Christmas books, is included in this volume.

**THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.** A Tale of Real Life. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Announced as being "printed from the manuscript of Mrs. Southworth, which the American publishers have just received from Europe, where this talented American authoress has been residing for the last few years."

**THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.** Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

One of the books that always have loving readers. It is for the closet, or for calm hours. An evening book, when we shut out the world. A book to make us think more truly of life, and with a larger charity for our fellow men. It is worth a dozen of the ordinary miscellaneous issues of the press.

**POEMS BY JOHN G. SAXE,** complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In dainty blue and gold we have the poems of Saxe, and they are worthy of the good company which the publishers have brought together in their elegant edition of the poets of England and America.

Peterson & Brothers have published an edition of "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," by Dickens, at 25 cents.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### "EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

"Well, it's no concern of mine; every man must look out for himself in this world. The family must shift for itself as it can."

This was the very benevolent and comprehensive rejoinder of Richard Gresham, to his wife, as he threw himself back in his arm chair, and complacently reflected that his position and establishment in the world, stood on a solid and glittering foundation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This remark was made in reply to a disclosure of Mrs. Gresham's, respecting a merchant and former friend of Richard Gresham's, with whom he had had intimate business relations once, under whose roof and at whose table he had been a frequent and welcome guest.

But it happened, as it frequently does to the children of men, that a great and sudden commercial crisis brought dismay and ruin to the house of this business friend of Mr. Gresham's; and afterwards the latter gentleman had lost sight of him for several years.

But that day, Mrs. Gresham had come upon the subsequent history of the family, through some mutual acquaintances. It was harrowing enough. With the utter failure of his house, the husband and father, whose life was passing out of its prime, had sunk into a morbid and despondent frame of mind, from which nothing could arouse him, not even the tears of his delicate wife, and his beautiful and tenderly reared daughters.

Every year they sank lower. As the father's mind and health failed him, he resorted to stimulants, and died at last without giving sign or token. The family was left in utter poverty. The girls had

not been taught to be self-centred, and self-dependent; and their battle with a world of whose hard and dark side they had no experience, was terrible.

Two taught music; and two opened infant schools in the neighborhood where they lived. They were but poorly patronized, and only by a hand to hand battle with poverty, kept the gaunt wolf from their door.

And Mr. Gresham had listened to this story as he sat in his elegant back parlor that evening, before the crimson glow of the grate fire, which had not been kindled for its warmth, only for the aesthetic enjoyment which it afforded; and if a sentiment of pity or regret stirred his heart for a moment, he coolly stifled it with the reflection that it was no concern of his; and that every man made his own bed in this world.

"But, my dear, it must be terrible to come down so!" said Mrs. Gresham, in a half pitying, half regretful tone; for she was a very fashionable lady, and any generous instincts and sympathies she had ever possessed had been mostly eaten out of her, by selfishness, and worldly, and wicked ambitions.

"Of course, it's very bad, my dear. Nobody denies that; but there are a great many bad things in the world that we can't mend, so there is no use in being distressed over them," and Mr. Gresham stirred the pyramid of glowing coals, until the sparks leaped up, and fell down a great shower of jewels; and it never entered into the heart of this childless man and woman, sitting in their stately room, that they might in some delicate and kindly way lift any of the burdens which had fallen so heavily on the heart of the widow and her daughters.

It is terrible to think how many people there are in the world just like these, so narrow, and selfish

and indurated that they never can receive into broad, generous pity, or sympathy, any one beyond their immediate relatives; that the saddest and most harrowing tales of sorrow and suffering, meet from them only a cool, "Well, it's no concern of mine! I can't meddle with other people's business!"

Oh, miserable, contemptible selfishness! Oh, cold and barren heart, that only throbs for your own joys and sorrows; shame and humiliation be your lot, that the suffering of others, is "no concern of yours;" that you have no well-springs of tenderness in your soul—that "self" is the great centre and idol of your life!

There are people who can listen to the most harrowing tales of wrong, injustice, and oppression, without a flash of honest indignation—who can listen to tidings of suffering and anguish, which are enough to rend the heart, and yet be totally unimpressed by the most appalling pictures—men and women who would open their eyes very wide at being called selfish or hard-hearted; but who never go out of themselves. As if the sorrows of others were not in a measure ours—as if God, the righteous Judge, and loving Father of the world, had not linked all our humanity together by common interests and instincts—by the same mighty hopes and fears—by the same perils, and needs; and weaknesses; and by the same death and judgment!

The common saying, that "no man can carry the world on his shoulders," in no wise conflicts with what we have said. Nobody, of course, can shed tears over every object of distress that he meets, or sink into despondency over every tale of suffering that he hears, without falling into a state of weak and maudlin sensibility; and there is a side of the world so dark and fearful—as full of all misery and anguish, that if a generous nature dwelt continually upon it, the result would only be loss of all enjoyment and happiness, and in the end, insanity!

Who could sit down with any enjoyment to a bountiful dinner, if his thoughts continually went after the thousands of half starving men and women in the world—after the little children crying for a crust of bread; who, on a bitter cold night, could ever take any comfort in the warmth of his own fireside, and the cluster of loving faces around it, if there rose up constantly before him the pale, wan faces of women and little children, blue and shivering with cold! No, thank God, we do not carry the world on our shoulders; and a right and grateful recognition and enjoyment of our own blessings need not make us narrow and hard-hearted!

But, the greater one's possessions and resources, the more does he owe the world; and especially has the rich man no right to live for himself, solely. One often wonders just how such men as Astor and Vanderbilt must feel, when they remember their wealth, and the great responsibilities thereof!

What good that wealth might compass! What suffering it might relieve! And then to feel, with a few more years flashing rapidly through the loom of time, that all that wealth shall be to them dust and ashes; and their vast wealth which has been the envy of so many of their fellow men, shall be counted to them as gain or loss, according as they have used it!

Dear reader, where would be the hope of heaven, which is the one Light pouring its soft and blessed lustre, from afar in the east, over the world's darkened pathway, if the Redeemer thereof, walking among men two thousand years ago, had turned away in disgust and despair, "They must take care of themselves!"

And you who would follow in the path which His feet first beat along the rough and thorny highways of the world, never take to your hearts and lives, the barren and selfish spirit of this maxim, "Each man for himself!"

V. F. T.

## JANUARY.

The ringing of the bells of time—the birth-day of the year! In the soft, white flannels of snow; with the crystal fringes of ice, and the dainty ermine of frosts, the New year comes to receive her greeting, and Good Cheer from all of our hearts.

Oh year, solemn is thy coming in our midst—great are the burdens which are laid on thy fair young shoulders—strength be given thee for the bearing thereof. Full of all fair and loving prophecies by thy springs—beautiful thy summer, and golden thine autumns.

God grant there be no failure in thine early or thy latter rains—no blight nor mildew on thy fields—no failure in thy crops or thy fruitage!

And may we make of thy days, oh Year, golden ladders which shall reach heavenward—may we sow in thy dawn true and noble aims and resolves, which shall bear a harvest that shall last after all the harvests of the years of this world are dust and ashes.

V. F. T.

We take pleasure in giving to our readers the following beautiful little sonnet from the pen of one whom we love. There is a great and solemn lesson done up in this graceful drapery of rhyme.

V. F. T.

## SOMETIMES.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

"Yes, when the war is over," so he said.  
"And shall we wait for all our joys till then?"  
"Yes;" and he lightly laughing, shook his head  
To a fair friend across the room; and when  
He still kept smiling in his talk, I thought,  
Might we but say with just as little pain,  
"When life is over," and, alas, why not?  
When, grown impatient of our meagre gain,  
We make complaining of our lowly lot,  
And ask, "Were all our fair ideals meant  
To mock us only?" and our souls cry, "Nay,  
We shall find true the visions of to-day,"  
Why not, hiding no pain, smile so and say,  
"When life is over, yes," and rest content.

**THE COMING YEAR.**

We look hopefully into the coming year, yet not without a sense of shrinking in view of the fiery ordeal through which our nation has yet to pass. To us, it has never seemed that our people have realized in any adequate degree the imminence of their peril, nor the strength of the power with which they were contending. As we write, the nation is giving new evidence of its great resources, and in striking a blow on the very soil where treason was born and nourished into monstrous life, has done much to dishearten and cripple its enemies. It has commenced a steadily aggressive movement, after prudent delay in gathering together its large resources and from this time forth, we may look for one advance after another, and for a certain ouerushing of the rebellion. But, we must not be too confident in our strength, nor calculate too much on the weakness of our foe. He is strong—very strong, even under all disadvantages—and will fight with a desperate fierceness and inhumanity, that must often hurt us with sad losses.

In contrasting the condition of our nation today, with what it was one year ago, even though now in the midst of a fearful war, how much there is for encouragement and hope. Then, we seemed drifting, almost helplessly, to ruin. The government, with all of its resources, was in the hands of those who had long plotted its destruction. Our little army was scattered, and remote; our ships of war afar off on distant stations; our arms distributed to those who meant to use them in our overthrow; our national treasury plundered and bare—and, worse than all—public sentiment in the loyal states divided, and, in many instances, hesitating or demoralized. Thousands of sympathizers with treason, in the north and west, were acting in wicked concert with their confreres at the south. True men, who looked below the surface, and comprehended the exact state of things, shuddered at the peril in which we stood. But, how is it to-day? The whole north and west stand united, and with all their vast resources pledged to maintain the Union. An army of five hundred thousand men is in the field—a large navy hovers along the coast from Virginia to Texas. Money is poured into the national treasury like water, and the people pledge the government to millions of men, if needed, and thousands of millions of dollars. The national heart is aroused, and beats in stronger pulses than ever before. With one voice it is declared, that rebellion must be put down, and our flag float as before, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

As a nation, we are stronger four-fold than when we first grappled with the monster, and we shall, as we wrestle, grow stronger and stronger until victorious on every field. And so, in the coming year, if we have sorrow and pain, we shall have triumph also. Long before its close, may the word "Peace" be flashed over the wires from the centre to the circumference of the land; but not a peace tainted with even the smallest concession to wrong,

We take from the Boston *Transcript* the following spirited poem. It is, we believe, from the pen of the author of "Mother Goose for Old Folks," one of the most graceful books of parodies in the language.

**THE ARMY OF THE KNITTERS.**

Far away in your camp by the storied Potomac,  
Where your lances are lifted for Liberty's weal.  
As the north-wind comes down from the hills of the  
homeland,  
Say, catch ye the clash of our echoing steel?

Our hands are untrained to the touch of the rifle.  
They shrink from the blade that grows red in the  
fight:  
But their womanly weapons leap keen from their  
sheathing,  
And the work that they find they will do with their  
might.

Your host that stands marshalled in solemn bat-  
talion's,  
Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the stars.  
Hath as loyal a counterpart here at our hearthstones,  
As ever went forth to the brunt of the wars!

Uplift in your strength the bright swords of your  
fathers!  
Repeat for yourselves the brave work they have  
done!  
We've the side-arms our mothers wore proudly before  
us,  
And the heart of the field and fire-side is one?

We rouse to the rescue! We've mustered in thou-  
sands!

We may not march on in the face of the foe:  
Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the battle,  
Foot to foot we'll keep pace wheresoever ye go!

Ay, soul unto soul, are we knitted together!  
By link upon link, in one purpose we're bound!  
God mete us the meed of our common endeavor,  
And our differing deeds with one blessing be  
crowned!

**GENIUS AND LABOR.**

In the address of Professor Hart, referred to in our review department, are some excellent remarks touching the qualities of mind that create success. They are so full of right incentive to the honorable ambitious, that we give the passage in which they are contained—

"We talk a great deal about genius. What we say is no doubt all very fine. But much as it may seem to you to be letting the subject down, depend upon it, you will not go far astray practically, if you define genius to be an extraordinary capacity for labor. I know well enough that such a definition does not exhaust the idea. But I have taken some pains to investigate the problem of the productions of genius, and the nearer in any given case I have been able to get at the very interior essence of things, the more have I been satisfied that no worldwide greatness was ever achieved, except where there has been a prodigious capacity for work. Genius, at least that kind which achieves greatness, is not fitful. It has an iron will as well as an eagle eye. This is not indeed the idea of genius that young men are wont to imagine. They picture to themselves rather the sudden erratic

flash, that blazes upon the world without premonition and without adequate cause. It was once the fashion, for instance, to represent Shakespeare as a sort of inspired spendthrift, who dashed off his Plays with negligent and wanton ease, in the mere exuberance and riot of a heaven-gifted intellect. But a more careful investigation has dispelled this illusion. So far as anything is certainly known of the life of the great Dramatist, it all points the other way. It shows him to have been rather a man of care and method, of decided thrift in regard to worldly affairs, and of patient, almost plodding industry. Doubtless there was in the man at times portentous energy and fire, the fervid glow and heat of first conception in the original composition of his Plays. But there was also the slow, toilsome, and patient finishing and working up. Shakespeare appears in fact to have been more than twenty years in bringing his Plays gradually to maturity and perfection, so that they may be called a growth rather than an instantaneous creation."

**¶** Mrs. Browning's "Forced Recruit at Solferino," suggests the unhappy condition of many Union loving men who have been compelled to enter the southern army. As we read the touching incident, which the poet has thrown into sublime measure, we feel, in turning from Italy to America, an intense throb of indignation against the abettors of a treason, the wickedness of which has no parallel in history.

#### A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;  
He died with his face to you all;  
Yet bury him here where around him  
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,  
He lies shot to death in his youth,  
With a smile on his lips, over-tender  
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!  
Though alien the cloth on his breast,  
Underneath it how seldom a greater  
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and gashed  
To march with them, stand in their file,  
His musket (soot!) never was loaded,—  
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,  
He yearned to your patriot bands,—  
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,  
If not in your ranks, by your hands!"

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me  
A bullet in the body, which may  
Deliver my heart here and tear me  
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.  
What then? many others have died.  
Ay,—but easy for men to die scorning  
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;  
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims  
Of an Italy resuced to love them  
And blazed the brass with their names.

But he,—without witness or honor,  
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,  
With the tyrants who march in upon her,—  
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction  
Cut off from the gurdon of sons,  
With most filial obedience, conviction,  
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it  
While digging a grave for him here.  
The others who died, says your poet,  
Have glory: let him have a tear.

To him that goes to law, says a sufferer, nine things are requisite: in the first place, a good deal of money; secondly, a great deal of patience; thirdly, a good cause; fourthly, a good attorney; fifthly, a good counsel; sixthly, a good evidence; seventhly a good jury; eighthly a good judge; and ninthly, good luck.

**¶** Try to learn this wholesome lesson: To meet the peculiarities of those with whom you associate, so as to soften down the asperities of temper, to heal the wounds of morbid feeling, and to make the current of life run smoothly; so far as you have power, to cast the oil of peace upon its waters."

**¶** REMITTANCES.—In remitting, get, if possible, a draft on New York or Philadelphia. If this is not convenient, send demand U. S. Treasury notes; or bills on Eastern banks; and in case these cannot be obtained, remit in good bills of your own state.

**¶** Any one sending a subscription to the Home Magazine, can, by adding fifty cents, secure either of the elegant premiums offered to those who make up clubs.

**¶** Every two dollar subscriber will be entitled to, and receive, one of our premiums.

**¶** See description of premiums on second page of cover.

**¶** The Home Magazine for the coming year will be in all respects up to the high standard it has always maintained.

**¶** For Prospectus and terms, see fourth page of cover.

**¶** For \$3.50 we send the Lady's Book and Home Magazine for a year.

**¶** Harper's Magazine and Home Magazine one year for \$3.50.

**¶** Our steel plate is charming; but the gem of the number is "Happy New Year," one of Lauderbach's exquisite wood engravings, of which we shall give several during the year.

FEBRUARY,

1862.



TERMS: \$2 a Year, in advance. Four copies for one year, \$5.

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### PREMIUMS FOR 1862.

Our Premiums for 1862 are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine. They are large-sized photographs, (15 by 10 inches) executed in the highest style of the art, of magnificent English and French Engravings, four in number, as follows:—

- I. GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD. By HERRING.
- II. THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.
- III. DOUBTS.
- IV. HEAVENLY CONSOLATION.

The prices of the engravings from which these splendid photographs have been made, are, for the first-named picture, \$10; for the second, \$5; for the third, \$10; and for the fourth, \$5. We give these prices, in order that the true excellence and value of the premiums may be understood. Herring's "Glimpse of an English Homestead," is one of the celebrated pictures of the day, and has won the admiration of all lovers of art in Europe and America; while the other three engravings are favorites with connoisseurs everywhere.

"The Soldier in Love," is half humorous, half serious, representing an old moustache in the toils of a young and handsome belle, to whom he is trying to make himself both useful and agreeable.

"Doubts" is a picture that teaches a deep moral lesson. The artist presents a group of four persons—two sisters, an aged grandmother, and a lover of one of the sisters. The title "Doubts" gives the emotion excited in the lover's mind, as he contrasts the worldliness and love of ornament in his betrothed, with the angelic self-forgetfulness of her sister, who comes forth sustaining the feeble steps of an aged grandmother. The picture tells its story so perfectly, that a single glance takes in the impressive moral it is designed to teach. As a work of art, it is one of high merit.

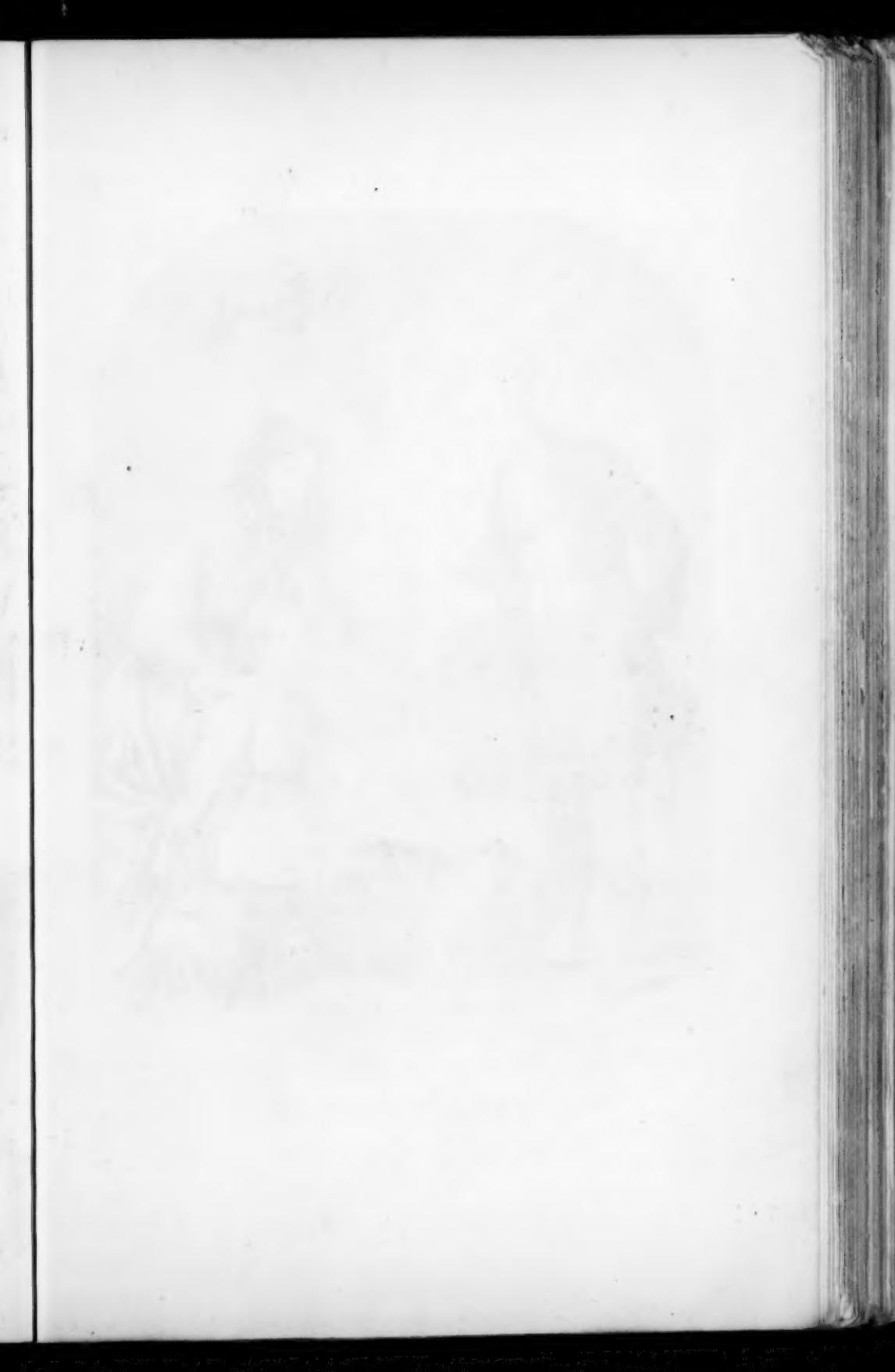
The fourth picture, "Heavenly Consolation," represents an invalid supported by her sister, listening to soliloquies from the Holy Word, as read by a minister. It is a tender and touching picture, exquisitely grouped. The face of the beautiful invalid is full of patience and religious hope, and you feel, as you gaze upon it, that she is indeed drinking of heavenly consolation.

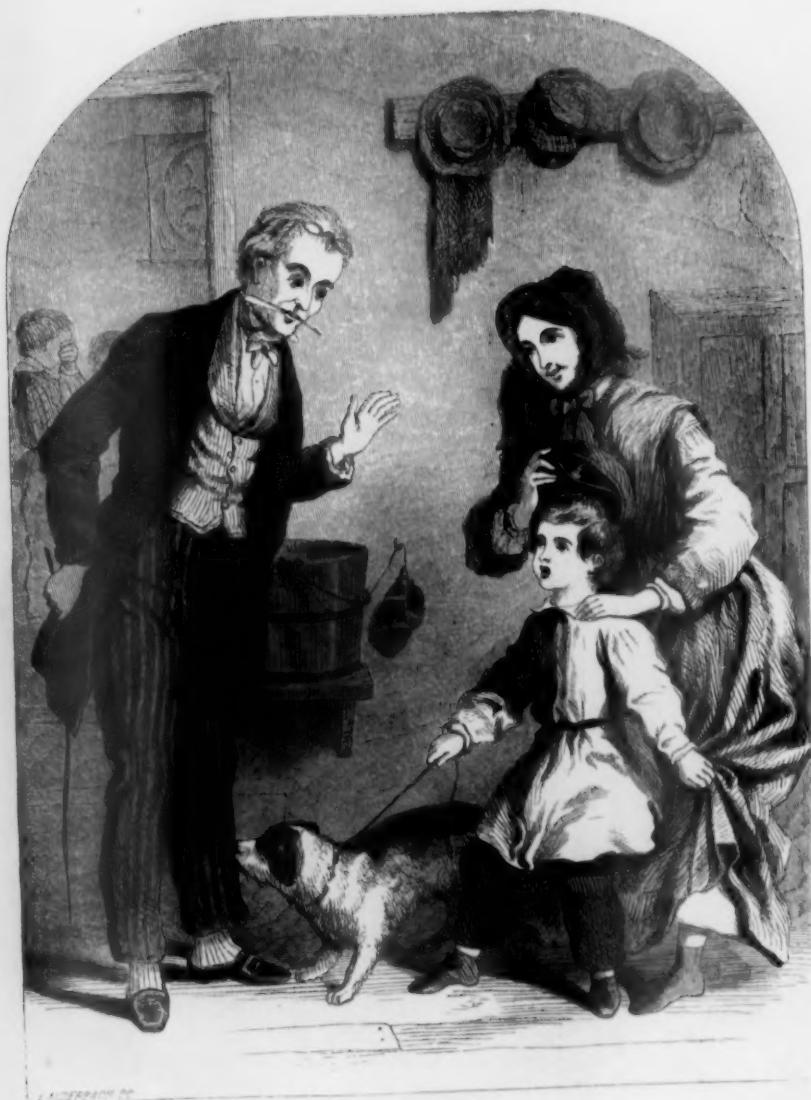
We repeat, that our Premiums are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine, and those who secure them will possess impressions from true works of art, that will grow more beautiful to the eye, the longer they are possessed and examined.

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### PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THE EDITORS.

So many of the readers of the Home Magazine have expressed a desire to have the Portraits of the Editors, that we have arranged with a Photographer to furnish them of the popular size known as the *Carte de Visite*, and will send them to any of our readers at cost, viz: 15 cents each portrait, postage free. Send stamps or the coin, as most convenient.





THE NEW SCHOLAR.



AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

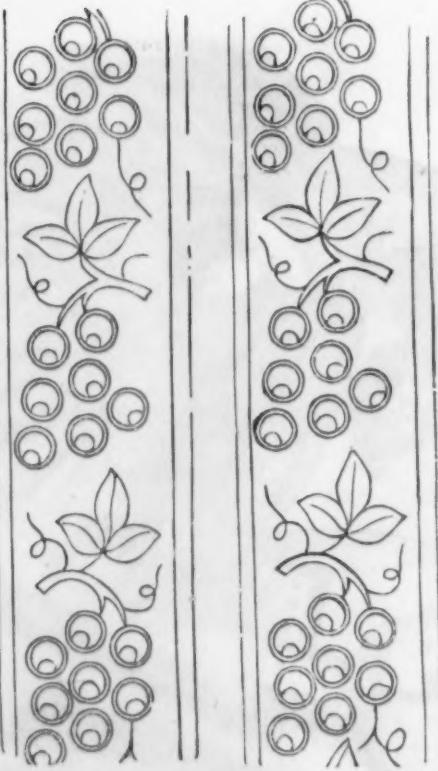




SNOW.



INSERTION.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



HOME COSTUME.



STREET COSTUME.



CARRIAGE COSTUME.



GORED WALKING DRESS.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

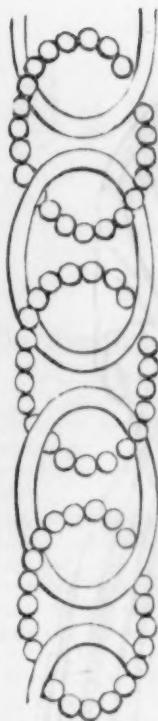


COLLAR OF LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

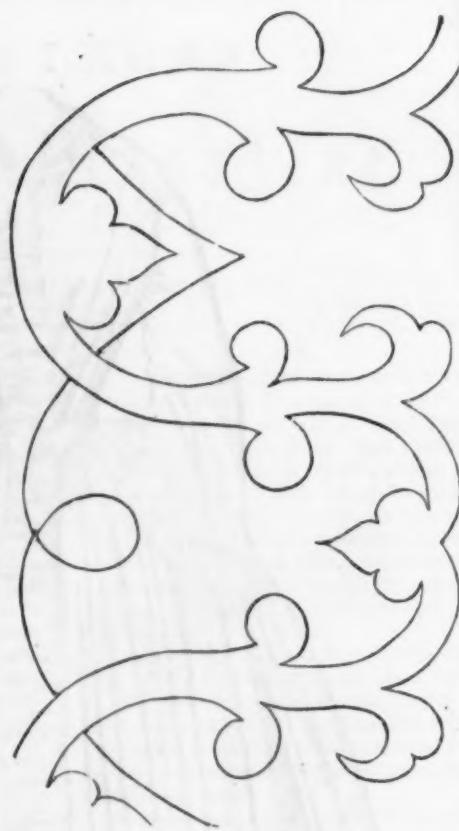


MOURNING UndERSLEEVE.

INSERTION.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



WATCH HOOK IN EMBROIDERED NETTING.



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.